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SUCH IS LIFE

By EDMUND WARE

"There!" said Jeff, proudly displaying the film. "Have a look at that!"

HIS consultation with the doctors had given Jeff Raleigh a sense of splendor he had not experienced since the birth of his eldest son, Alec. No fewer than three distinguished surgeons, each of them said to be "the best for the spine," had collaborated on the extremely interesting case of Jeffrey Raleigh.

These good specialists had asked Jeff innumerable questions about his spinal injury, and with unflagging attention listened to his answers.

Jeff was both elated and troubled that his lumbar regions established him as a man apart. It was a distinction which could, however, be proved only by X-rays. His affliction was traceable to a football injury sustained during a brief, erratic period which he remembered wistfully as "youth."

Jeff left the consulting-room, his brain ablaze with impressive phrases. Reaching home, he displayed his series of five X-rays to his wife Alice. It was Alice who had insisted that he make a sustained effort to cure himself, time and expense no object. Holding the largest X-ray film to the light, Jeff said proudly: "There! I knew I was in a bad way! Have a look at that."

Alice gazed critically at what appeared to be a shadowy but perfect section of her husband's skeleton.

"Looks all right to me, dear."

"Looks all right?" protested the injured Jeff. "Well, you'd better look again. Perhaps you don't know how to read an X-ray."

Using a pencil for a pointer, Jeff began to list his disarrangements, struggling to state them in the language of the most distinguished of the three surgeons.

Alice's attention flicked to the baby, Oliver, eighteen months, who was devouring a wad of newspaper. She had decided it was safe for Oliver to chew for a few seconds more when Jeff snapped: "Well, do you want to know about me, or don't you?"

"Of course I want to know about you," she replied sweetly. "I was just glancing at the baby."

"He'll keep," growled Jeff, in a tone which hinted that he, Jeff, would probably not. "Now," he continued, "just here, between these two vertebrae, you see a wider space on one side than the other."

"Yes, I see," said Alice brightly. "I see what you mean, now. What caused it?"

"That time in the match." Lowering his voice, as if in hallowed memory, Jeff added: "When I was a youngster."

"There's just one thing I want to know," said Alice, in a very level tone. "Is it serious?"

"They don't know yet," replied Jeff hollowly.

"Hang it all!" Alice blurted out. "Why don't they find out?"

Jeff slid the X-ray film into its huge green envelope and replaced his pencil in his waistcoat pocket. Alice darted to the baby and brought forth the half-swallowed paper with practised skill.

When her attention was once more for him alone, Jeff resumed: "At ten o'clock to-morrow morning, at the hospital, they are going to do a lumbar puncture—going to draw off some fluid from my spinal column through a hollow needle. Then they test it for protein concentration. If the protein is above normal, they inject my spine with some stuff. I don't know what the deuce it is."

"It's iodised poppy seeds in oil, I think," murmured Alice. She offered this information as if it were a very trivial contribution to the larger whole. "It's opaque," she added, almost apologetically, "so it shows on subsequent X-rays."

Jeff looked at her accusingly, "Where'd you get all that information?"

"Oh, I remember reading about it—somewhere?" Alice Raleigh was indeed up-to-the-minute on the human spine. She had been studying the subject systematically ever since her husband's back had become a major topic.

But Jeff was not to be robbed of his great moment.

"Anyhow, if the X-rays show injury to my inter-vertebral discs—like cartilage washers between the vertebrae, those are—it means—"

"What does it mean?" asked Alice, her eyes shadowing.

"A major operation," said Jeffrey Raleigh. "It takes two—hours—and a half!"

"Oh-my-lord-Jeff!"

The alarm in her voice had profoundly touched him. Her concern, so subtly, beautifully and solely for him, was sweet. Yet he felt obliged to quieten it. "Oh, Alice, it's nothing, really; It's just a bit tricky, you might say, a bit tricky, that's all."

"But, Jeff—"

"Take it easy, Alice. Remember, I don't know definitely whether I'm going to have this operation yet. The lumbar puncture comes first."

But Jeff Raleigh, in his heart, was a good deal more certain than he dared admit, even to himself.

He had only set foot in hospitals four times—once for the birth of each of his three children, Alec, Joan, and Oliver, and once when Alice had her appendix out. To visit a hospital as a paying guest was markedly different.

. . . . . .

As he was peremptorily shuffled into a bed composed mainly of gadgets in steel grey, Jeff knew that there was one person who cared, and always would, whether or not he came out alive. She was his wife Alice.

The doctor and the two nurses filed in. The doctor's hands and arms, recently scrubbed, were held carefully in front of him. Jeff Raleigh, who had understood—practically been promised, in fact—that a lumbar puncture was a simple but delicate bit of needlework, felt a clumsy qualm of doubt in the region of his stomach. Two nurses and the doctor!

And this was merely the experiment which would indicate whether or not he was to have a major operation!

"Now," said the doctor, "if you will turn on your side, please."

Jeff heard instruments clattering on a tray. He felt the doctor's fingers inquiring slowly over his lower spine, then a sudden violent pain. Jeff hadn't so much as winced. He thought of the Spartan boy and the fox, of the Indians of long ago who proved their courage by holding live coals under their arms. Jeff inwardly marvelled at his own stoicism.

As he felt the doctor's deft withdrawal of the needle, Jeff chuckled and said: "All over, doctor? That all there is to it? I thought a lumbar puncture was pretty bad."

A brief but dreadful silence. Then the doctor's disinterested voice: "That was merely the novacaine, Mr. Raleigh. "We're ready for the puncture now."

If the agony of suspense had thus been double, the relief, following the actual operation, was tenfold. In all the hospital there was no more triumphant being than Jeff Raleigh. The doctor and his crisp nurses had gone, taking with them their engines of pain. Alice had come in, tiptoeing respectfully. She sat in a hard, metal chair by the window with a metal frame.

For a few hours following his puncture, Jeff had been warned to lie absolutely flat or get a splitting headache. He lay absolutely flat. He had never in his life been so comfortable. He was neither cold nor hot. Everything was right. He basked in the peace of a pain which was no more.

Then he began to think — or, rather, to feel his mind bursting with quick flashes of insight. Other people he thought! The really ill ones, the dying ones! In the rooms above, below, and on all sides of him, in this hive of mercy!

"Jeff," said Alice, who had been scrutinising him intently for several minutes, "what are you thinking about?"

"Oh," Jeff mumbled, inarticulate as always, and rather frightened by his recent flight into the abstract. "I—I don't really know!"

"When did the doctor say we'd hear from the laboratory about the protein test?" asked Alice.

"Gosh! I'd forgotten all about that," said Jeff, his new-found complacency shattered suddenly. "But he said we'd know—late to-morrow afternoon."

"Well, I know it's coming out all right."

"I—I wish I did," said Jeff, darkly.

Alice kissed him, said "Good-bye, darling," and left him to his thoughts.

At six o'clock Jeff pecked nervously at his supper. At seven the night staff came on duty, and into his room, on fairy feet, came a probationer night nurse.

She rubbed his back with alcohol and plumped his pillows, saying: "That'll make you sleep."

After she departed, Jeff lay thinking thoughts that grew steadily blacker with grim foreboding.

A wind and rain storm had sprung up, and through its hiss and rush the sounds within the building seemed more stealthy. He thought he heard a whispering outside his door. A dear old man had died, his nurse told him. "To-morrow, it might be me!" he told himself dismally.

Trembling, he groped for his light switch, pressed it, and drew towards him a pen and pad Alice had left for him. His heart-beat was so fast that it hurt him. He was afraid of what he was going to do. He almost didn't do it. He stared once, wildly, round the room. Then he began to write a heartrending letter of farewell to his family!

. . . . . .

Jeff woke with a booming headache, which he immediately blamed on his lumbar puncture.

"You look haggard, dear," said Alice, arriving at ten.

"Oh, I do, do I?" muttered Jeff.

"Here are two messages from your older children," Alice said, handing him the cards.

"Dear Dad: Hope you get well soon. You said you would get me some stuff to put on the strings of my tennis racquet. Tell Mother. She'll get it. Love.—Alec."

"Well," was Jeff's comment. "You ought to train him to think of other people once in a while, Alice."

"He's only twelve, Jeff."

"Yes, but I know." Jeff held his daughter's card close to his burning, sleep-needing eyes.

"Dear Dad: How are you? Come home soon. I hope you don't have to have any operation. Love, Joan."

His operation! To-day was the day he would know whether or not he was to go under the knife.

"Any word from the doctor yet?" Jeff asked, fearfully.

"No—not yet. But don't worry."

"Who said I was worrying?"

"What time did you go to sleep, dear?" Alice said, suspiciously.

Jeff averted his eyes. "Oh, it was early," he said lamely.

He grew irritable as he waited to hear the truth about himself. He curtly declined Alice's offers to read to him, and he resented her frequent question: "Isn't there something I could get for you?" He was in the midst of a morbid, imaginary scene, wherein he lay expiring on the operating table, surgeons shrugging in despair, when Alice jumped up, her eyes flaming, "I'm going to ferret out that doctor and get the suspense over," she declared.

She was gone before Jeff could gather his wits for protest. And she was back before he had got half the melancholy joy from picturing his own funeral.

Alice marched to his bed, tore off his clothes, and said: "Get up. You're all right. Test was favorable. Cure you with exercises. Come on, we're going home. I told you so!"

Thus had Jeff's terrifying back ailment turned out to be merely the result of bad posture.

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Mrs. Roosevelt Spends the Night

It was certainly a momentous occasion, but not just in the way Linno and her mother expected.

By
LAURIE HILLYER

"Gee, I'm sorry," said the young man, looking up from the locked bumper bars to gaze at Linno.

THEY met in the hall; Linno from the sleeping porch, in cerise pyjamas with feet, her hair on end, radiant; Mrs. Gregg in a mauve wrapper—a garment much too dejected to be called a negligee—drawn and pale, carrying in her hand a list saying, "Soap, mushrooms, bathroom rug, plumber, persimmons."

"It's a lovely morning, mummy," Linno said, "for the night of the Bachelors' Ball."

Mrs. Gregg said wanly, "Don't under any circumstances forget the persimmons, will you? They say she likes them. I don't know why." She had waked up, or sat up, rather, as she had scarcely slept at all, thinking with a moan, "Oh, heavens, it's here; this is the day; Mrs. Roosevelt is coming."

"You bet, mummy."

Linno had a cold shower and put on her favorite suit.

"You're not going out, are you?" said Mrs. Gregg at breakfast, eyeing the suit . . . "No eggs, Tom," she said to the black houseman; "nothing but black coffee."

"Well, after all," said Linno, "I've got to have my wave and that fitting. And do your errands, mummy. But I'll help you around here first if there's anything."

"Anything! That medicine closet in the guest-room bath," moaned Mrs. Gregg, closing her aching eyes as she sipped her coffee, "those fresh curtains, mend that rip in the rug, see once again if you can't unearth the plumber, get the tomatoes, chicken, mushrooms, persimmons. We haven't decided yet what to do about dinner."

Mrs. Roosevelt, who was speaking next morning at Mrs. Gregg's club, was arriving that evening at nine.

The question was: Would she have had dinner before she came? At the White House, dinner was probably served at eight-thirty. The Greggs dined at six-thirty, but if they were arriving somewhere at seven, say, they would naturally expect dinner. On the other hand, nine o'clock seemed to them very late to dine.

"Just have a chicken sandwich, the way we planned," Linno said, breaking a dripping, buttery, toasted muffin. "Nine o'clock is a perfectly whacky hour to eat dinner."

"But at the White House——"

"Well, how does Mrs. Roosevelt—— Listen, mummy, if you make Parthenia and Tom serve that perfectly terrific dinner at nine o'clock and then Mrs. Roosevelt simply looks blank when you ask her if she's had dinner——"

Mrs. Gregg burst into tears. "But she may look blank because she takes it for granted she hasn't had dinner——"

"Oh, well, what does it matter in the long run?" Linno had a Victory-red evening gown with rhumba ruffles for the Bachelors' Ball, and Private Pratt was a dancer to dream of.

"You're nothing to lean on, Linno. The first woman in the world is spending the night in this house," moaned Mrs. Gregg, "and the guest-room bath won't drain."

"Mrs. Gregg, ma'am," said Tom, rolling his black eyes, "if you finished yo' breakfast, Parthenia want to ask you about that dinner."

Nothing really had been accomplished or decided hours later when Linno ran out for her fitting and her wave.

"They say she wears diamonds and pearls and black cotton stockings," said Madeleine, the girl at the beauty shop.

"I'll tell you later," Linno's mind was on Private Peter Pratt.

"It's a neat wave, Madeleine; thanks a lot," she added, swinging from her forefinger the mammoth dress box in which the Victory-red evening gown floated in layers of the crispest and most expensive tissue.

Her car was parked so tightly she could scarcely edge it out, and the minute she started to back there was a grinding wall as she locked bumpers with the car behind. She sprang out and faced a truculent young man. His expression changed the instant he saw her.

"You parked much too close to me," she said, reproachfully. "You can see you did."

"Gee, I'm sorry," he said in a tone of pleasure, looking up from the locked bumper-bars to gaze at Linno. "I don't know how I'm going to get us apart. It looks as though we're locked together for life."

Linno gave him a flying look, wondering if he was going to be fresh, but his voice, a pleasant, deep one, was matter of fact.

"I'll just go where you go," he said pleasantly. "Haffner's for ale?"

"I'm going to the Mothers' Club," said Linno at random. She jerked her thumb towards a sign in a nearby window: The Useful Hand. "Maybe they could help us?"

"Maybe. They supply mothers' helpers."

"Or maybe you could jump on the bumper?"

He looked disappointed. "Maybe."

She slid into her car and felt him release the bumpers. Linno called brightly, "But thanks for the invitation! Maybe we'll get locked together someplace again!" and tilted the mirror so she could take another look at him. He was standing by the kerb writing something on a scrap of paper.

Feeling more cheerful than ever after this incident, Linno headed blithely home. The telephone was ringing as she opened the door, and Central said, of all odd things, in the Gregg study, "Person-to-person call from Washington, D.C., for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Is she ready to talk?"

"Oh, she won't be here until nine p.m., said Linno,—overcome, and called, "Mummy!"

No one answered her. There was about the house a dead and silent air of arrested endeavor. Of effort suspended. The face of Parthenia, like an ominous ebony mask, appeared from the kitchen door. "Miss Elino'——"

"Hi, there. Where's mummy? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, ma'am. Yo' mummy's gone to the hospital with appendixitis."

"What?"

"Doctor Smith take her in a am'lance limousine to St. Luke's Hospital, all doubled up——"

Linno was already jiggling the receiver.

"No, no," said Doctor Smith, sounding a little edgy, "it isn't appendicitis; it couldn't be; your mother had her appendix out years ago. There are one or two things it may be, but it's probably nervous indigestion. She's all worked up over this visit of Mrs. Roosevelt. I've taken some X-rays and got her comfortable, and there's nothing to worry about at all."

"Oh, thank you. I'll be right over."

"Better not," said Doctor Smith, still edgy; "she shouldn't see anyone to-night. If I tell her you're taking care of Mrs. Roosevelt, that's all she needs to know."

"O.K.," said Linno faintly. "Give her my love . . . Parthenia," she shouted, "it isn't appendicitis at all! She just needs to rest; it's nothing! Listen. Is everything going O.K.? Because you and Tom will have to look out for Mrs. Roosevelt, you know, because I'm going to that ball."

Parthenia sniffed. "Yes, ma'am," she said darkly. "The plumber ain't showed up yet to fix that drain. The burner on my electric stove rusted clean out and fell to the flo'. Can't cook without it."

"Oh, heavens! Did you call the plumber and the Public Service?"

"Called him and called. Tom can't open the guest-room windows, Miss Elino'; they all stuck down when those painter men was here. I been telling yo' mummy those windows stuck down for a month."

"Oh, heavens!" Linno went to the telephone again. "Is this the plumber's? We've kept calling you, please, you must send somebody up here right away. The guest-room drain is stuffed up and Mrs. Roosevelt is spending the night."

"Certainly, madam," said a crisp voice. "First we have to attend to a pipe for Mrs. Churchill."

"They don't believe it, Parthenia," said Linno.

Parthenia reappeared from the kitchen. "Miss Elino', I sure hate to leave you when she coming to spend the night, but I got to go. I reckon this appendixitis is catching, cause my mammy's got it, too."

Linno stared, unable to speak. "You—you know your mother hasn't got appendicitis, Parthenia," she said at last. "You never walked out on us before in all your life."

Please turn to page 4

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1/1 and 2/2

Mrs. Roosevelt Spends the Night

Continued from page 3

"MRS. ROOSEVELT never walk in here befo'."

"You can't go, Parthenia. Tom and I couldn't possibly get along without you."

"No, ma'am. Tom say he too nervous-like stay around here; he going take this day off, so he won't disgrace you."

The kitchen door closed gently, and before Linno could charge through it she was held at the phone by a ring.

"New York City calling Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Is she ready to talk?"

"No, she's not here . . . Parthenia——"

Tom and Parthenia, with the unmistakable air of leaving things in order before going away, were sweeping up the floor and the sink.

"Tom," said Linno, because he had the kinder heart, "you aren't going to walk out on me, are you, with mummy at the hospital, and the drain and all? You want to open the front door for Mrs. Roosevelt, don't you, and tell your grandchildren how you carried the bag for the wife of the President of the United States with your own hands?"

"I ain't got no grandchildren, Miss Elino'."

"But when you do."

"No, ma'am. When me and Parthenia took this place eight years ago, we didn't know no President's wife was comin' here."

Tom shook his head mournfully and emptied the dust from the dust-pan into a paper bag

Linno knew how a bright red balloon feels before it bursts. "All right, then, go! Go! And don't you ever come back."

"We be back to-morrow evenin', honey."

"Don't you ever come back, hear?"

There was an agency which had now and then sent them, at a fearful price—but never mind—Mrs. Svedborg, a stout blonde accommodator in a white uniform stiff as a board who took the reins into her high-priced hands and did everything.

"Mrs. Svedborg?" said the agency, shocked. "To-night? All our accommodators are engaged for the rest of the week. Miss Gregg, and we could not let you have Mrs. Svedborg until"—sound of pages turning—"two weeks from this Thursday."

The last agency on the list suggested she try The Useful Hand, and, thinking she had heard that name somewhere before, but it probably wouldn't amount to anything, Linno, feeling more unpopular every minute, called the number.

"To-night?" came the usual echo. "We couldn't possibly provide you with anyone for to-night except, possibly, a sitter."

"Someone who sits for a portrait?" said Linno faintly, wondering how this would work in.

The voice thought this over. "Oh, no, no, no," it said at last; "a sitter. Someone who sits with the children while the parents are out."

"Haven't you anything else—anything?"

The voice looked again. "A mother's helper," it said at last, reluctantly, as if it hated to produce her, "and an escort."

Linno brightened. The very words had a comforting sound.

"Send her right along, please," she said.

Things had now taken an upward slant. Mother's helper would open the door and she—with Pete, who, though a private, was a Princeton graduate and thus equal to any situation—would welcome Mrs. Roosevelt in the living-room, which looked lovely with a birch fire laid and a tall jar of orangey roses.

After a very short chat, Linno would say, "You must be tired after all your travelling. Wouldn't you like a tray up in your room?" And dear Mrs. Roosevelt, who probably never had a decent moment to herself, would look simply pitifully grateful and fade away at once. And she and Pete would go to the ball.

When the telephone rang now, it had a joyful sound; she was sure it was not a person-to-person call for Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Telegram for Miss Elinor Gregg," said the phone. "Nothing could keep me away from you to-night except Mr. Stimson. He has. Curse it. Signed, 'Pete.'"

If Linno had been a burster into tears, this would have been the moment to burst. Everyone she relied on had deserted her—her mother, Tom and Parthenia, the plumber, the painter, the Public Service man, the accommodator, probably ultimately even the mother's help, and now Pete. Even Evelyn, the cat, had not been around all day; she had not even come around for her liver.

Cats are supposed to desert a sinking ship, and everyone had deserted Linno except Mrs. Roosevelt.

The doorbell now gave an ominous troubled peal. Probably a Japanese come to attack her in this big, dark, lonely house. And she simply did not care. She threw open the door and her jaw fell.

THERE stood what is called a "tall, impeccable young man." In tails and topper. "Miss Elinor M. Gregg?" he said respectfully, taking off the topper. "I believe you wanted someone from The Useful Hand?"

Linno stared, fascinated. "You mean you're the mother's helper?"

He said stiffly, "I understand you wanted an escort. Someone to take four children to a movie."

Linno said, rapt, "You mean The Useful Hand sends people around in tails to take children to movies?"

"This was a preview," he said, stiffer than ever, "at the Four Arts. The tails, of course—they're rented—are extra." And he handed her a slip which stated indeed that Mr. Elias Chadwick had been sent from The Useful Hand according to terms specified below. Linno glanced below and saw, sure enough, that the price per hour was higher if it included tails, and that the price for Mr. Elias Chadwick was top ranking because he was a graduate of Harvard.

"There's been a mistake, that's all," she said moodily. "I remember, when I was talking to that cockeyed place, they said they had an escort and a mother's helper. But I've got to have a mother's helper, I've got to."

She reached and switched on the outside light. Her second look gave her a second shock. She said, feeling confused, "You aren't the one that bumped into me this morning, are you?"

He looked at her in surprise that was somehow cloudy. "Why . . . yes, I am," he said. "Why, fancy meeting you like this. How extraordinary. The world's a small place after all, isn't it?"

"Mr."—she looked at the slip—"Chadwick, I've positively got to have that mother's helper. Everybody has gone off and left me; nothing is ready, nothing, and Mrs. Roosevelt is spending the night."

Unlike everybody else, he accepted this without surprise. "I'm afraid it's too late to get hold of Miss Reardon, the mother's helper, now," he said. "She must have gone to the preview already—there must have been a mix-up in cards. But if you'll try me out, I'm sure I can help mother. What was there to do?"

FOR a moment, the mere thought of it all silenced Linno. Then she asked: "Did you play football in college or anything like that?"

"No, but I played hockey. Did Mrs. Roosevelt want someone to play football?"

"Of course not, but I mean I could use somebody with muscles of iron—to pry up some windows and fix a drain."

He had already followed her into the hall, taken off his coat, which he hung carefully over a chair back, and, first rubbing it with his sleeve, laid his rented high hat on the table.

"Nothing easier," he said cheerfully. "Please just show me where things are. If everybody walked out on you, though, if you don't mind my asking, why didn't you just wire Mrs. Roosevelt not to come?"

"I did think of it," Linno admitted, "but, you see, my mother went to the hospital this morning, and she would never have forgiven me if I had let her down. She wants to show her grandchildren the bed that was slept in by the wife of the President of the United States."

"Has she grandchildren?"

"No, but——"

He looked more cheerful than ever. "Well, what was there to do first?"

"You might try to open up the guest-room windows; it's upstairs, the first room on the left. I'll be up in a minute. I'm going around down here to light some lights. Don't trip over a lot of flowers just inside the guest-room door."

Presently he called down to her in a strained voice, "Miss Gregg, your cat has had kittens on the bed to be slept in by the wife of the President of the United States."

Linno flew upstairs and knelt down by the bed. "Oh, Evelyn, oh, darling! So you didn't desert me." Evelyn paid no attention to all this and went on licking her babies.

Mr. Chadwick meanwhile opened the windows without difficulty, then produced a long-handled instrument from the cellar, did something potent to the drain, and, after looking at the electric stove, said practically, "Only one burner is knocked out. You have three others, so why worry?"

Linno began to feel as if, whereas a few minutes before everything had been hopeless, now practically everything, except the bed, was hospitably ready for the reception of Mrs. Roosevelt. And dinner.

"That's what mother was planning for dinner," she said, indicating a most elaborate and detailed menu, a menu written in her mother's graceful flowing hand and thumb-tacked to the kitchen wall.

For the first time Mr. Chadwick seemed nonplussed. He said in a barren voice, "Is this prepared? Is it ready? Horseradish mousse, souffleed crackers, beans with almonds?"

"No," said Linno, "and I don't believe Mrs. Roosevelt would want it; in fact, I think the idea of serving it after nine o'clock was what made Tom and Parthenia leave."

Mr. Chadwick nodded with an air of respect for the psychology of Tom and Parthenia. "What were you planning to give her instead?"

"Well, there's that chicken already roasted," Linno said. "I thought I'd give her consomme and a toasted chicken sandwich and coffee—could you make the toast and the coffee?—and a persimmon. Mummy heard she likes them. Do you know how to serve a persimmon?"

Please turn to page 14

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BOTANY BAY

By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

HUGH TALLANT is transported to Botany Bay with the First Fleet—to serve a life sentence for highway robbery with TOM OAKLEY, his fellow highwayman, and NELLIE GARTH, their accomplice. They make friends on the voyage with DAN GOODWIN, a smuggler, and MR. and MRS. MORTIMER THYNNE. Also among the convicts are Tom's great friends, NICK SABB and NED INCHING.

When French ships put in at the new settlement, Hugh resolves to try to escape, but Tom will not join him as he is about to marry the Thynne's lovely young daughter PHOEBE.

The day before Hugh's proposed escape, Mortimer Thynne, who has been put on Governor Phillip's clerical staff, tells Hugh that SALLY MUNRO, daughter of a political prisoner who died on the voyage out, wishes to see him. She is staying with the captain of the Supply and his wife.

Now Hugh Tallant continues his narrative:

WHEN I had made myself as tidy as conditions permitted, I set out with Thynne for the marine camp. As we crossed the stream I halted and turned to Thynne.

"Is Miss Munro alone at the O'Day's tent?" I asked.

"No, Mrs. O'Day is there, and the captain himself."

"Thynne, I'm not going on. Make some excuse for me, will you?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. It was Captain O'Day himself who sent for you at Miss Munro's request. You're no more free than I to disobey an order."

I did so, nevertheless, persuading Thynne to ask Sally if she would come to the spot where I waited.

Little as I had seen of Sally Munro, since our coming to Sydney Cove, I had thought of her with a tenderness that I knew must be conquered. My heart was bitter at the thought that, had I met her in America, or in England before my arrest, I would have had every right to speak. But now——

I acted as my own physician and felt well out of danger by the time I spied Sally coming along the path, escorted by Thynne. She greeted me in the friendly manner of our first meeting on board the Charlotte.

"You needn't wait, Mr. Thynne," she said; "I'll ask Mr. Tallant to walk back with me, part way, at least."

Once we were alone, my embarrassment melted away. It was Sally's doing. Her simple, friendly manner, wishing away the barriers I had been so conscious of, made me forget them as well. She told me why she wished to see me. Before her father died he had asked that I be given some of his books, among them a little volume containing Doctor Goldsmith's "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," which he knew I loved.

Little by little, all sense of constraint vanished, and we stood talking as naturally as though we had been friends for years.

Then Sally told me that she was soon to sail for Norfolk Island in the Supply, with Captain and Mrs. O'Day. They had warm hearts and had befriended her ever since the death of her father.

I was deeply moved at the thought that this was to be my last meeting with Sally. On the morrow I would make my attempt at escape; I could not bear to part from her without something more than a casual leave-taking. I glanced up and down the path, to make sure that we were unobserved.

"I'm afraid we shan't meet again," I said. "I can't leave you without saying how much it has meant to me to know your father and yourself. And I want you to know something else. To-morrow I shall try to escape."

"Gracious heaven! How? In one of the French ships?"

She listened with keen interest as I explained my plan to her, and she exclaimed, "They might take you! Can you speak French?"

"No."

She paused to reflect for a moment. "Come with me. I'm going to write a letter you can present to one of the seamen when the time comes. Oh, how I hope you'll succeed!"

Hugh gazed at the Supply, trying to pick Sally out from the figures on the deck.

We walked back along the path and Sally asked me to wait for her not far from the O'Days' marquee. Presently she returned and handed me a folded paper.

"That's to give the French," she explained. "It says that you are an American, unjustly imprisoned, and eager to get home. And here is my aunt's address in Quebec. Who knows but we might meet there some day?" She took both of my hands in hers and pressed them. "God bless you and take you safe to America."

. . . . . .

Next morning, when the drums beat for the roll call, I was present to answer to my name and knew that the whole day would pass before I would be missed.

But it was mid-morning when I reached a tongue of woods jutting out towards the marshes near the creek where we had filled the Charlotte's water-barrels.

There were two boats in the creek about half a mile distant—one returning to the ships and the other approaching, laden with empty casks. The watering party drew near with much good-natured shouting, the men evidently in the best of humors at the prospect of a run on shore. The boat grounded at the head of the creek.

The men seemed to know the place well and were in no hurry to set about their work. One fellow wandered off in my direction, examining the plants growing on the edge of the marsh. When I was sure that he was within earshot, I called in a low voice, as Sally had instructed me, "Ami!"

He gave a start and laid his hand on his weapon, but I rose to my feet, parted the bushes and smiled as ingratiatingly as I knew how. "Ami!" I repeated, holding out the letter Sally had written. I do not know all that Sally had set down, but as he read the note the fellow's manner changed.

"Toi Americain, hein? Anglais pas bon!" He paused to reflect and pointed to the ground at my feet. "Attends ici," and he left me to stroll back to his mates.

I watched them while my paper passed from hand to hand and they seemed to consult among themselves, with many gestures, as to what should be done. Four began to fill the barrels at last, while my new friend, accompanied by an elderly fellow with a grey moustache, wandered casually towards my hiding place.

The newcomer spoke enough broken English to make himself understood, and questioned me at some length. The two then spoke together rapidly before the elder man turned to me once more. He said that they would risk hiding me on board the Astrolabe, and that as soon as night fell I was to make my way along the shore to a sandy point near the anchorage, there to await a boat. They took leave of me with smiles and friendly claps on the shoulder.

. . . . . .

The Frenchmen were as good as their word: It was past midnight when a small boat stole into the beach and ferried me out to the bow of the Astrolabe, where I climbed a rope to the rail. I spent four days in the hold of the French ship, in company with innumerable rats. On the last day, when the faint glim of light coming down the hatchway told me that the sun was up, there was a great stir and bustle in the ship, a blowing of bugles and the tramp of many feet on the decks above.

I flattered myself that we were about to sail, and was stretching my cramped limbs when the sound of voices warned me that some of the people were coming down the ladderway.

I heard footsteps in the hold and saw a yellow gleam of light on the carlings. Several Frenchmen were speaking, as if in protestation.

Then a voice close at hand—as English as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding—stiffened me with alarm. "He must be on board. We caught the other fellow in the Boussole."

The devil himself must have directed the officer's eye to me.

I was caught. Next moment strong hands dragged me out, none too gently, and I was prodded up the ladderway to the upper deck. A curious crowd gathered about us; Captain Clonard himself ordered me questioned, thinking that some of his people might have helped me to stow away. But heartened by the looks of sympathy many of the seamen bestowed upon me, I managed to satisfy him that I had had no help.

Presently I was ordered into a boat, where the other prisoner sat, and taken ashore.

I had risked all and lost all. Escape had been just within my grasp, only to be snatched away by the very worst of ill fortune. That I would be severely punished, I had little doubt. We would almost certainly be flogged. Heretofore I had been a model convict, noticed and praised by the Governor; from now on, my status would be very different.

We arrived at the settlement during the noon hour of rest. We were given bread and water and strictly guarded throughout the long, dismal afternoon. At nightfall the sergeant notified us that we were to be flogged—three hundred lashes each.

The flogging pillory stood near the barracks of the marines. A crowd of convicts and marines had assembled about Surgeon White, a burly corporal, and a sergeant. The convict women enjoyed these spectacles even more than the men, and there was no lack of them among the audience. There was a hush as we were ordered to halt, and the sergeant glanced down at a paper in his hand.

"James Saxton," he commanded, "step forward!" My fellow prisoner did as he was told, and the sergeant went on, "By order of His Excellency, Governor Phillip, three hundred lashes for attempting to escape . . Corporal, do your duty!"

The handcuffs were removed from Saxton's wrists. He was helped to take off his shirt, and his hands were confined in the two holes provided for that purpose, at the level of his shoulders. The burly corporal rolled up his sleeve and drew the tails of the cat through his left hand.

"Proceed!" ordered the sergeant.

The corporal drew back his cat and brought it down with all the strength of a brawny arm. The breath flew out of the man's lungs with a loud "Ugh!" and a great red stripe appeared on the bare flesh.

"One!" announced the sergeant.

I turned my head. An hour seemed to pass, and still the flogged man, whose one virtue was courage, had made no sound but an occasional low moan. The convict spectators watched in silence, without a hoot or jeer.

"Hold!" interrupted Surgeon White. "That's all the man can bear for to-day. Carry him back to the tent."

He had lost consciousness, and his back was a red slough from waist to shoulders.

"Hugh Tallant, step forward!"

There was black despair in my heart as I stood with my arms outstretched while the guards removed my handcuffs. At that moment a marine orderly came running across the parade.

"Sergeant!" he called. "Orders from Major Ross!"

The sergeant glowered at the man, but took the folded paper, spelling out the words silently with his lips, like a schoolboy. He gave me a sour glance as he looked up.

"Call yerself lucky," he said grudgingly; then, to the corporal, "Take him off to Pinchgut. He's to have three months."

Please turn to page 14

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YOUR ADVERSARY THE DEVIL

By . . .
Day Keene

"You'll make one slip, von Klieke, and that slip will get you shot," Hulbert warned the Nazi grimly.

HEAVY snow had fallen during the night. Outside the windows of the speed-train there might have been no war. The English countryside unfolded in a broad strip of glistening frosty white.

Aboard the train Bill Palmer, Eagle Squadron, R.A.F., sat scrunched in the window seat of a crowded first-class compartment in the last car of the train, blowing smoke rings and cursing Intelligence.

Why couldn't they handle their own end of the war? Why did they have to drag a pilot out of bed with only one hour's fitful rest between him and a nerve-racking night dodging Nazi anti-aircraft hardware over Hamburg? What could he, an American, possibly know that was of such vast importance to the stuffed shirts? The call hadn't been a request. It had been a command.

The eyes of the man seated behind the desk were grey, as was his hair and his moustache. But there was nothing old about him.

"Lieutenant Palmer?" he inquired.

"That's right." The flier nodded.

"Colonel Hartley, of Intelligence," the older man introduced himself.

He did not offer to shake hands, nor did he ask the flier to sit down. Palmer hooked his thumbs in his belt and waited. It was an effort not to yawn. Hartley continued his scrutiny. He saw a tall, rangily-built youngster of twenty-seven, with red-rimmed eyes and a large, generous mouth.

"You were born where, Lieutenant?"

The flier stared at him dully. "Why, in the States, sir. Out West—northern Idaho. All the data is on my enlistment papers."

"You will please merely answer questions," Hartley told him curtly. "You have been flying for Britain for how long?"

Palmer made a mental calculation. "Almost two years, I'd say, sir. I was one of the first Americans to join."

"Why?" The word was like a pistol-shot. "I mean, why did you join?"

The rangy flier grinned. "I've often wondered that myself. And I'll be hanged if I can tell you."

The Colonel of Intelligence fingered a file of papers on his desk.

"Naturally," he told Palmer, "you being of a foreign, if allied, nation, we have your life's history as a record." He looked up abruptly from the file, his piercing eyes boring into Palmer's. "You are acquainted with Randolph Hulbert?"

"Y'yes," the flier admitted cautiously. "I am. But I haven't seen Randy in years. I—"

The Intelligence officer cut in sharply: "How well do you know Hulbert?"

"We grew up together. My father's ranch in Idaho was less than a mile from the Canadian line. Randy's uncle's ranch, the one who raised him after his parents died, was just up over the line."

"You last saw Hulbert when?"

"About five years ago. He showed up unexpectedly at a small flying school I ran in Joplin."

"You use the word unexpectedly. Why?"

"Because it was unexpected. After his Aunt Naomi and his Uncle Mack died, when Randy was nineteen, he sold the ranch and came back here to England. He wrote that his only other relative, an uncle by the name of Smithers, had wangled him into the Foreign Office. And that was the last I heard of him until he dropped off of a train in Joplin to chew the fat with me before he went on to China."

The big flier had warmed to his subject. "But if anyone has told you anything wrong about Randy, it's a lie." He pounded on the desk. "And I can lick the guy who said it."

Colonel Hartley smiled abruptly. He got up and extended his hand across the desk.

"My apologies, Lieutenant. Please sit down. I merely had to be certain."

Palmer shook hands and sat down, puzzled. One hand fumbled briefly at his tunic pocket for the makings, then stopped.

"By all means, smoke, Lieutenant," said the colonel.

The flier built a cigarette. "Thanks. I couldn't live without my makings." He spoke through the flare of the match. "But if it's any of my business, why the inquisition, sir? You had to be certain of what?"

"That you do know Hulbert as well as I had hoped you did," Colonel Hartley told him gravely. "It may sound fictional to you, but it happens to be fact. A matter of vital importance to the British Empire depends upon the fact that there is one man in England to-night who does know Randolph Hulbert."

Palmer smiled. "You kidding me?"

"Not in the slightest." Hartley shook his head. "His uncle, the man Smithers you mentioned, is dead. He has no other known friends or relatives. The officer who assigned Hulbert to his present post was murdered last night in Damascus. I was in India when he was inducted into the service." He tapped the papers on his desk. "Deliberately, or by misadventure, his identification-file has disappeared."

It didn't make sense to the flier. He said so with American candor.

The Intelligence colonel smiled grimly. "You have corresponded with your friend since the beginning of hostilities?"

Palmer admitted he hadn't.

"Hulbert's been in Germany for two years," Hartley told him. "He's an apostate British agent who has sold out his country."

The American got slowly to his feet. His face was ugly. He said: "That's a lie!"

Hartley smiled. "Indubitably! But let's trust Himmler hasn't learned that fact. Hulbert has been inside Germany two years." The smile faded from his lips. "Two years of juggling dynamite, of worming his way into the very rotten core of the Nazi apple. He paused, continued: "But we expect him home, I hope, to-night. A plane is to pick him up in Holland shortly after dusk this evening."

"And I'm to meet him?"

The Intelligence colonel's face became a cold, inscrutable mask.

"You are to meet whoever arrives upon that plane. If it is Randolph Hulbert, excellent. However, we have reason to believe that a certain Nazi agent may attempt to impersonate your friend. That is why you were sent for, Lieutenant."

The flier smiled. "Then don't worry about the empire, sir. No one could palm himself off on me as Randy. I'd know him at midnight in a tunnel."

Colonel Hartley shook his head. "Not if von Klieke was impersonating Hulbert."

The man's name was cause for silence. Germany's leading actor in pre-war days, von Klieke's espionage feats were factual fiction.

Hartley continued, bitterly: "This might be von Klieke's masterpiece. The information Hulbert carries is vital to Britain. But it is needless for you to share the burden of that secret."

Palmer said: "I see. Very well, sir. I'm to identify Randy—or expose a substitute—at the plane?"

Colonel Hartley shook his head. "By no means. If it is von Klieke, we want his information. In that way Hulbert's death will not have been in vain. If he tells us 'white' we'll know it's 'black,'" he added more gently. "Now go and get some rest. You need it. Meantime, I'll order you a guard."

The hour-hand of the clock on the

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One lone youthful flier was singled out to bear the burden of a startling responsibility.

wall of the control-room hut was pushing midnight when the throb of motors sounded overhead.

Colonel Hartley turned up the collar of his greatcoat, said: "Good luck" curtly, and walked out to the blue-lighted runway to join his fellow Intelligence officers. The rangy flier smiled wryly. He still believed that he could identify Randy Hulbert at midnight in a tunnel . . .

The big plane swooped down in a perfect landing. Gaping holes in the fuselage and wings gave evidence that it had not passed the German lines unscathed.

Palmer peered through the control-hut window. Two men were climbing from the cockpit of the plane. One was a chunky pilot. The second man, a tall, lean man whose head was swathed in bandages, was Randy Hulbert. Palmer was instantly certain. The man's face was a shadowy blur peering out from his turban of pain, but he walked with Randy's arrogant swagger; his every gesture was the same.

Hartley came back abruptly. "Well?" he asked tensely.

"At ease, sir," the flier told him. "That was Randy who came in."

"You could be certain at that distance, Lieutenant?"

Impressed by the grim greyness of the voice of the older man, Palmer shook his head. "No, sir. Not certain," he admitted. "But I'd stake my wings on it any day. But those bandages, sir. Randy has been hurt?"

He learned the reason for the grey grimness in the Colonel's voice.

"Hurt, or deliberately mutilated. The man has scarcely any face at all. He claims to have suffered his injuries in the bombing of Dusseldorf."

He opened the control-hut door.

"I'm not a particularly religious man, Lieutenant," he said, "but in the words of the New Testament: 'Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'" He added shortly, "At the hotel, Lieutenant, in thirty minutes."

. . . . . .

Carefully piloted by his guard, Palmer reached the hotel to which Captain Hartley had directed him. The luxury hotel itself had been gutted, and a light-proof, sound-proof office built in its shell. Palmer entered a room on the third floor.

Seated at Colonel Hartley's side, Baron von Klieke raised his purposely drug-fogged eyes to stare at the young R.A.F. officer.

"He must be the American, Palmer," the agent thought. "Now for the greatest show I've ever put on in my career." He turned the pages of his photographic mind, checked the picture that he saw, then rose and held out his hand.

"Bill! Bill Palmer. You old scoundrel." His voice held the proper note of incredulous surprise. Its inflection, masked by a husky rasp, was as close to Randolph Hulbert's cheery lilt as six months of practice could make it.

Palmer crossed the few feet of the table and took the extended hand. He choked. "Randy! For heaven's sake, kid. What happened to you?"

"I forgot to duck one night," von Klieke chuckled, "when you boys dropped love and kisses on Dusseldorf."

Palmer clung to von Klieke's hand as though he dared not let it go. The three other men at the table relaxed. Colonel Hartley drawled: "Oh, I say now! How delightful! I'd no idea that you two were acquainted."

"Oh, didn't you, you bony-faced Machiavelli," von Klieke thought. He played his trump card aloud: "Acquainted? Lord, sir, Bill and I grew up together in the States! His father had a ranch in northern Idaho. I lived on a ranch just across the line with my Aunt Naomi and Uncle Mack."

The chubby Intelligence captain seated at von Klieke's right removed and returned his monocle to his eye. "Haw!" He bent the monocle on Palmer. "Trite no end—but what an amazingly small world this is."

Palmer turned his eyes from the mangled face, and closed them. He preferred to see a picture of a tow-headed, ruddy-cheeked English kid fighting gamely not to give in to a desperate urge to pull leather while a snorting Idaho bronc' went berserk between his spindly legs.

"Don't take it that way, Bill," von Klieke read his mind. "So if it was your stick of bombs that did it, what of it?" The master mimic added quietly, playing on the feelings of his judges as an organist pulls stops. "After all, gentlemen, what's one man's face when an empire is at stake?"

"Quite so!" the Intelligence captain muttered approvingly.

"Oh, Captain Hargrave and Major Innis, Lieutenant Palmer," Hartley introduced the flier.

As the three men nodded, Hartley's eyes sought Bill Palmer's. The flier shrugged.

Von Klieke noted the shrug and fought an insane desire to laugh. If they wanted more proof, they should have it.

"And your mother and your father, Bill?" he demanded.

"Well, the last letter I had."

"And your kid brother Steve?"

"At the State U, playing full-back on the team."

Von Klieke twisted his torn lips in a ghastly caricature of a smile. "A fullback? Steve? That scrawny little runt! Why, when I last saw him—" The Nazi agent paused. Then he led Major-General Professor Karl Haushofer's research department's ace of trumps. "Your mother had just brought Steve home from Doctor Salmon in Boise, and the Doc had said that Steve would never be completely well, that he had incipient T.B."

It was something that no one but the members of the Palmer family, Randy Hulbert, and the doctor had ever known. But Bill Palmer couldn't possibly know the length of the arms of the Ausland Gestapo, and the unfortunate fact that a Jewish doctor in Boise, Idaho, had an aged mother and father in Berlin.

Palmer nodded at Colonel Hartley.

"He's Randy, sir," he said.

The Intelligence colonel sighed: "Thank heavens!" He extended his hand across the table to the scar-faced man. "Welcome home, old lad. And this time I mean it sincerely."

Von Klieke took the hand, exulting inwardly: "I've done it. The show's a hit. The stupid English swine believe me." He asked aloud, slightly puzzled: "What is this, Hartley? A game?"

Major Innis nodded glumly. "A game of life or death to us. We were afraid that you might be von Klieke."

Von Klieke said soberly: "I see."

"You know, Randy," said Palmer, "I've had my share of this man's war. But when Colonel Hartley told me that you were a secret agent, one of those fabulous guys that we used to lie around a campfire at night and talk about, well—" The flier paused, embarrassed by his own emotion.

"We've a lot to talk about, old fellow." Von Klieke patted the back of Palmer's hand. "But there'll be time for personalities later." He hardened his voice deliberately and looked around the table. "To business, gentlemen?"

"To business," they echoed.

Von Klieke looked meaningly at Palmer.

"He stays," Colonel Hartley told him. "Lieutenant Palmer's earned the right to listen."

The Nazi agent only shrugged. He couldn't very well object. But the less that he saw of the American flier the better he would feel. British Agent Hulbert's last words just before they led him out and shot him still rankled, a sharp burr in von Klieke's pride:

"You're my height, my weight; your eyes are the color of mine. You're a great actor, and you probably know my past and all my friends as well as I do. But you'll make one slip, von Klieke. And that slip will get you shot."

The Nazi shrugged away a sudden dull, oppressive feeling and plunged into his lie. He told it well. And when he had finished, the picture he had painted was black.

"At least we know," was Hartley's only comment. "I'll communicate your information, Captain Hulbert, to the Prime Minister and the General Staff in the morning."

Captain Hargrave and Major Innis scowled heavily at the table. Bill Palmer took his makings from his tunic pocket and stolidly built a cigarette.

"I wonder," Major Innis asked apologetically, "if I might be so bold as to ask if you'd roll me one of those, Lieutenant Palmer. It's been some time since I tasted real tobacco."

Palmer said: "Sorry" He handed the major his cigarette and looked around the table.

Colonel Hartley and Captain Hargrave shook their heads.

"You, Randy?" The flier tossed the sack of tobacco to the Nazi agent.

The four men watched von Klieke. He said: "Thanks." Perhaps the only man in England other than Palmer who could do it, he deftly rolled a cigarette with the fingers of one hand. Major-General Professor Karl Haushofer's research department was thorough. He looked up at the staring faces, annoyance evident in his voice as he asked: "You don't still think I'm von Klieke?"

"No," Colonel Hartley assured him sincerely. "Not after watching that. Forgive me . . . If I seemed somewhat strained, it's merely the grimness of your report."

Captain Hargrave nodded glumly. Palmer lighted the cigarette he had just finished rolling, held the match for Major Innis, and extended it to von Klieke.

The Nazi agent drew the acrid smoke deep into his lungs. He spoke through the film of smoke that trickled from his shattered nostrils.

"And I'm tired, gentlemen. With your permission, I'll ask if I may retire." He smiled at Palmer. "I'll see you in the morning, Bill. We've a million things to talk over."

Alone in the room assigned him, von Klieke sank on the bed and buried his face in his hands. The tension drained slowly from his body leaving him limp and slightly nauseated. He had always experienced the same feeling after the final curtain of a show on the opening night.

He lay back on the bed. The overhead light hurt his eyes. He got up and switched it off and groped his way into the bathroom. He felt above the basin, tugged a chain to light the small lamp over the mirror. His hands braced on the basin, he stared at his face in the glass.

Motionless, he studied the livid, grotesque, living mask for minutes.

"A face for an empire," he told it. "But it was my face. Men admired it. And women loved it . . . My face," he repeated. "A man's face for an empire."

"No," a voice from behind him corrected. "You're wrong in your addition. Your face and my friend's life. You aren't Randy Hulbert. You're von Klieke." Palmer spoke quietly, but with complete assurance.

The secret agent spun on his heel. The American flier filled the bathroom doorway. His service pistol was in his hand.

"Why, Bill!" von Klieke gasped. "What's wrong?"

"You are," the rangy flier told him quietly. "It was a good try, von Klieke—but not good enough."

The Nazi agent raised his hand to clutch his coat lapel.

"You're mad, Bill!"

"No. I'm not mad. But you'll be dead if you try to draw that gun. I have no compunction whatsoever when it comes to killing rats. And, of course, this means Randy is dead?"

Von Klieke merely stared at him, his blue eyes coldly bitter in his shattered face.

"All right," Palmer told him. "If you're not going to talk, I'll take that gun. Then we'll—"

The flier took two steps into the bathroom, his left hand reaching for von Klieke's armpit. The Nazi agent's left hand came up filled with the gun that he carried strapped to his groin. The two men stood glowering at each other. It was stalemate.

"You fool! You idealistic fool!" the Nazi sneered. "I knew you would not kill an unresisting man. But I, a Nazi superman, have no such idiotic scruples."

The rangy flier asked quietly: "Then you admit you are von Klieke?"

"Of course I am von Klieke," the famous agent boasted. "And were you not a fool, of a nation of fools, you would have confided your suspicions to Colonel Hartley and not have tried to play the hero by confronting me alone." The Nazi paused, continued: "I admit I don't quite see how I am going to do it, but somehow I am going to kill you and still make good my story."

"I wouldn't gamble on that too heavily," Colonel Hartley warned him dryly from the shadows of the bedroom. "If you kill Palmer, you still have three of us to pass. And I assure you that we have no scruples concerning the shooting of unresisting men—provided they be Nazis."

His shattered face twisted with rage, von Klieke stepped back slightly the better to shield himself with Palmer's body. As he did so, the flier performed tricks with his left hand. The Nazi agent's head snapped back against the wall. It struck the basin next and then the floor. Palmer kicked the gun out of his hand, and Colonel Hartley stooped and picked it up.

"Nice batting, fellow," he admired.

Palmer tilted the secret agent's chin with the fingers of one hand.

"Randy Hulbert is dead?" he demanded.

"He is dead," the agent admitted. His German arrogance forced the question. "But how did you know I was not he? In what did I make a mistake?"

"In accepting the third light off a match," the flier told him quietly. "That was one that you overlooked. Randy was superstitious as the very dickens. He'd rather go without a smoke than take a chance like that."

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Servicewomen adopt our club as second home

PRIVATE UNA BARTON, A.W.A.S., ironing her tunic at our Club for Servicewomen.

THREE WAAAFS. From left: Phyllis Moore (Ashford, N.S.W.), Betty Curran (Rockhampton), and Shirley Kenning (Newcastle) playing cards in the lounge.

LADY WAKEHURST making an interested inspection of the model kitchen after officially opening the club.

Girls from all States among first week's guests

By BETTY NESBIT

Servicewomen from all over Australia have adopted The Australian Women's Weekly Club as their second home.

A week after it had been officially opened by Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of New South Wales, thousands had visited it and more than two thousand meals had been served.

SIGNALWOMEN of the A.W.A.S. from West Australia, Waaafs from Brisbane, Wrans from Melbourne, Land Girls from the Riverina are among those who have enjoyed its warm hospitality.

When I visited the club to see how the servicewomen were settling in I found a happy and homy scene.

Blue-uniformed V.A.'s (now in the A.A.M.W.S.) sat alongside girls in the uniform of the A.W.A.S. Some Waaafs, wearing shorts, were drinking milk-shakes at the snack-bar with some Wrans, neat in their brass-buttoned blue uniforms.

Land Army girls added an outdoor note with their khaki shirts, broad-brimmed hats, breeches, and shining knee-length boots.

I saw a V.A. sitting on the lounge having tea with her mother, a fair-haired Waaaf browsing over a magazine while her companion was working out a cross-word puzzle. Nearby another was listening intently to a symphony orchestra on the electric gramophone.

Other girls were reading the notice-board on which is pinned lists of current pictures and theatres, Sunday church services, a map of Sydney, and lists of activities at other servicewomen clubs.

Posted near the cloak-room I saw a notice saying that dances would be held every Friday night, and that the fourth Friday night would be a special guest night.

The first of these will take place this Friday, when the artists will be the Bodenweiser Ballet, Jack Davey, Alan Coad, and Wayne Froman.

Oldest inhabitants of the club at the end of the first week were four members of the W.R.A.N.S. They had been given special permission to book in the day before the club was actually opened, as they had nowhere to stay.

I found them in the laundry, where they were busy doing their washing and ironing.

Officers' stewardess, Mona Mateer, said: "We've been stationed in Sydney for some months now, and haven't been able to find any accommodation while we are being victualled out (naval term for boarding out). We just tramp around from one hostel to another.

BOOKING-IN. Voluntary receptionist Miss M. Faircloth registers Pte. A. Manchester.

"We would just give anything to be able to stay here always, or at least until we are victualled in. This club is simply wonderful."

Miss Mateer comes from Melbourne, and another of the Wrans, Pearl Wood, is from Woy Woy.

Lorna Nagrint, of the same service, whose home is in Sydney, had a few hours to spare before going on duty. She was reading a magazine in the lounge.

"What a boon to have a place that is so central and where a girl can have a rest and brush-up at any time of the day," she said.

Nancy Thomas, who is a cook in the W.R.A.N.S., was showing her friend, Stoker Norman Smith, a Melbourne lad, through the club.

Proudly she pointed out the soundproof writing-rooms, the snack-bar, the cloak-room, and then took him along to have a peep at the beauty parlor.

"Gee," said Norman Smith. "It's great."

"Certainly a home from home," said three A.W.A.S. signalwomen in a chorus. They said they needed some home life, as all three had come from West Australia five months ago, and had not been home since then.

They were Signalwomen Molly Elkington (Maylands), Dorothy Williams (Kalgoorlie), and Jean Edwards (Cottesloe).

"We were in town for a few hours, so thought we would make our visit," they added. "Have next week-end off, so we are booking in now."

Three members of the W.A.A.A.F. who were spending five days' leave at the club were A.c.w.'s Shirley Kenning (Newcastle), Phyllis Moore (Ashford), and Betty Curran (Rockhampton).

They are at a country station, many miles from Sydney.

When I saw these three they were making appointments at the hairdressing salon.

One of the much-appreciated facilities the club gives to servicewomen is the day service.

Take the case of A.c.w. Thompson. She arrived in Sydney from Melbourne at 9 a.m. She went straight to the club, booked in for the day, had a bath and went to bed.

As she had to leave again that night for the long journey to Townsville, she badly needed the good sleep which she had. Requested the dormitory hostess to call her at 5.30. This was done. Our Waaaf had her dinner and left to catch the train.

Her bill came to 3/9.

I found that dormitories during the day are darkened with huge pale blue Venetian blinds, and that there is indirect lighting set in the walls lining the corridors. The pile of the carpets in the passage-ways is particularly thick, so that footsteps will be completely silenced.

Bedside portraits

PICTURES were on the bedside tables, pictures of young airmen, sailors or soldiers, snaps of pet dogs, an alarm clock ticking away cheerily, pots of face-cream and powder.

Hats, coats and frocks were hanging neatly on their specially-designed wall-hangers.

The dormitories began to fill up at 4.30 p.m., with girls coming off duty and booking in for the night. There was great activity in the shower-rooms and at the ironing-boards.

"This seems to be a pretty busy time," said one of the dormitory hostesses busily engaged in giving out towels and cakes of soap.

The hairdresser, Mrs. N. Lloyd, had a service girl in every one of the six cubicles in the hairdressing salon. One was having a shampoo, another a hair-trim, others were sitting with their heads under the drier after having their hair set.

"Think this must be the most popular section of the whole club," said Mrs. Lloyd. "I haven't stopped all day, and to-morrow is well booked up already."

Miss Joan Reed, the beautician, was at work in the simply and inexpensively furnished beauty parlor.

Her client was Pte. Betty Payten, who had just arrived in town after doing her rookies course for the A.A.M.W.S. at a country camp.

"This is a great relaxation," she said, "I am having a face massage and then a make-up. It makes me realise we're still very feminine at heart, in spite of uniforms and service life.

"I'm going to stay for two nights. My family live at Narromine, and I rang mother this morning from the club and told her all about it. She said when I had finished, 'Had I rung her up only to tell her about the club?'"

Australian nurse on hospital ship in Indian Ocean

SURGEON-LIEUT. GENEVIEVE REWCASTLE, R.N., with her assistant, Australian Sister Agnes King, at the British Admiralty.

For the last eighteen months Sister Agnes King, an Australian nurse, has been on duty in a British hospital ship on patrol in the Indian Ocean. She has just returned home after eight years abroad.

"OUR ship had a big job and an exciting one. We frequently picked up survivors from bombed or mined ships and dashed to land with them," said Miss King.

"Our regular job was to call in at ports and pick up sick men to be taken to other ports where there are better hospital facilities.

"One morning near the Bay of Bengal Japanese attacked a warship and sank it. We saw the battle. When the planes flew on to attack another ship we made for the scene of the first attack.

"It didn't take us very long to reach the spot where survivors were struggling or floating in the water. When they were rescued, we set off to pick up the next lot.

"I discovered that the second ship was H.M.A.S. Vampire.

"In all we saved 592 men, and it took almost a whole day to pick them up. This huge cargo overtaxed our already crowded accommodation, so we made full speed for the nearest port.

"Whenever our ship called at ports we were invited ashore and to dinner at the officers' mess. The meals were rather frugal, but on one occasion we had a tin of peaches for dessert—a luxury, indeed."

Though never actually bombed, the hospital ship was several times in harbors under attack.

"When that happened," said Miss King, "we just pulled up our anchor and dashed off to sea for the night. Much safer than in port."

Miss King left the ship in South Africa after receiving special permission from the Admiralty to resign from the Queen Alexandra Naval Nursing Service.

She was anxious to return home and sign up with one of the Australian nursing services.

Before joining the hospital ship she worked for more than a year at the Admiralty.

TAKING A PATIENT aboard a British hospital ship. Miss King took this picture while on duty.

"I felt very proud when I was detailed to work in an administrative capacity with Surgeon-Lieutenant Genevieve Rewcastle, the first woman to receive a commission in the Royal Navy," continued Miss King.

"We were at W.R.N.S. headquarters doing the medical examinations of W.R.N.S. recruits.

"Surgeon-Lieutenant Rewcastle is a charming woman as well as a clever doctor.

"Another well - known woman in the service is Mr. Churchill's daughter, Diana (Mrs. Duncan Sandys), who is a third officer. She has a pleasant personality and is a hard worker."

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Editorial

JANUARY 30, 1943

FOR GIRLS IN UNIFORM

THE Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen is now busy entertaining guests.

Among the thousands for whom it caters there will be many of our most appreciative readers. There will also be a number of former members of this paper's staff.

It is a great satisfaction to be of some service to these grand young women in uniform who are doing such a magnificent job for Australia.

We have extended a very special invitation to servicewomen from other States to make the fullest use of The Australian Women's Weekly Club when they are in Sydney.

Girls from other capitals or from the country need not feel they are strangers alone in a strange city, nor their mothers have qualms about the difficulty of obtaining accommodation in war-crowded hotels.

Our Servicewomen's Club is there in the heart of Sydney, on the corner of George and Barrack Streets, waiting to receive them in the most friendly manner.

Within its spacious rooms servicewomen may meet their friends, may breakfast, lunch and dine, do their laundry chores, spend a night in comfort, and at least once a week invite partners to a dance.

If by any chance the club is fully booked, other suitable accommodation will be arranged.

If you are a servicewoman we hope to welcome you soon at our Club. If not, please tell your friends in uniform about it.

—THE EDITOR.

SURVIVORS from H.M.A.S. Nestor around the ship's bell, which they saved from their ship. Sent by Leading-Stoker Bill Bopf (third from left), who was also a survivor from H.M.A.S. Parramatta, to his mother in Ipswich, Queensland.

Squadron celebrates second century

HOW the famous No. 3 Squadron, the "Desert Harassers" in the Middle East, celebrated its score of 200 planes is told in a letter from L.a.c. J. F. Cooney to his mother in Cremorne, N.S.W.

"Our Commanding Officer, Sqd.-Ldr. Gibbes, shot down another enemy aircraft, bringing the squadron's score to 200," he writes.

"YESTERDAY the camp was alive with newsreel photographers. They took a movie film of the C.O. and the pilots, so you may see them on the screen shortly.

"We also had a visit from the Public Relations Officer, and Squadron-Leader Gibbes made a recording, a brief history of the squadron, which will be broadcast over Australian radio stations.

"We are celebrating. A party was held last night in a hut a few miles from our camp.

"We left camp at 7.15 p.m. by truck.

"We filed past the tables and had our plates filled with half a chicken, two slices of ham, salad and bread rolls.

"After this came a light sponge trifle and fruit salad.

"On the tables were trays, about two feet square and three inches deep, filled with salted peanuts. These we picked up by the handful and put in our pockets.

"After we had finished eating and drinking the C.O. got up to say a few words.

"When I say he got up, I mean he had no option. The boys just picked him up and dumped him on the table.

"During the scuffle the C.O. had the seat torn out of his pants, but he took it all in good part, and thought it a great joke.

"We now have the daily news put up in the mess.

"It's just as well that the men are the only ones who read it, because it is written in real No. 3 Squadron fashion, and some of the phrases would hardly pass the censor, because of the language."

A sergeant wireless-air-gunner in the R.A.F. Ferry Command to his parents in Scarness, Qld.:

"HAVE just made another hop over the Atlantic, and am returning by boat for next hop.

"It's not a bad life, except for the boat journeys back to Canada, which get very monotonous.

"I think I just about know this half of the world now. I have been to Greenland, Iceland, England, Scotland, Wales, and North Ireland.

"I think the prettiest sight I've seen so far has been flying over Greenland. It's just a mass of mountains and glaciers of ice and snow, even now in their summer.

"The time of the night (or day, as it was daylight) had a lot to do with the sight. Just as we reached the coastline the sun was setting, and the red sunset remained on one side of us, while the moon shone on the other.

"The sunset and the moon showed up like that for about an hour, then the horizon became redder than I ever saw it, and up came the old sun again.

"It was certainly pretty to peep through the clouds every minute or so and see the mountains and glaciers below, while the ocean, too, could be seen on both sides scattered with icebergs."

A.c.1 W. H. Blackman in Zensuji prison camp, Japan, to his family in Lane Cove, N.S.W.:

"WE were shot down over the Pacific on January 21.

"We were in the water for just on two hours, then picked up by a Japanese cruiser and have since been in Zensuji Camp.

"Life in camp is as pleasant as can be expected, about three nights a week we have little concerts, and the remaining nights we can go to the different classes.

"I am taking up radio and mathematics, and every second day of the week we go out on working parties. We are reclaiming some land about half an hour's walk from camp.

"At first it was pretty hard, but now we are really toughened up to it. We work about four hours a day and are getting enough pay to buy soap, cigarettes, etc.

"On our off days we have a few books to read, and have plenty of games and cards to play. The company here is good. The majority of prisoners are Americans.

"I live in a room with eight New Zealanders, Englishmen, and us three Aussies. There is plenty to talk about, and we are a very happy family."

FIFTY-POUND FISH caught somewhere in Australia proudly exhibited by Driver H. C. Roser.

A lieutenant in the Middle East to his mother in South Australia:

"I'VE done a lot of transport work in the last twelve months. The last three months of 1941, in Tobruk, I had charge of the Vehicles Reception Depot. At times we had 900 vehicles, and there were 73 men.

"This year I was on the recovery job. That is why I returned to Tobruk for six months.

"We recovered 650 vehicles off minefields, etc., patched them up, and brought them 550 miles back to the Egyptian base.

"I've carried everything from bombs to beer, petrol to prisoners, ammunition to aeroplanes."

Pte. Eric Abraham in New Guinea to his wife at Largs Bay, S.A.:

"EVERYONE has had tea, and said it was a good tea, so I am satisfied.

"I made a real curry and fruit salad.

"Do you know what is in a dinkum curry? This is what was in mine, and it went down goodo for 33 men: Six tins of meat and vegetable, two tins of bully-beef, two tins of carrots, two tins of turnips, 3lb. of potatoes, 1lb. of dried apples, 1lb. of raisins, 1 bottle of chutney, 1 tin plum jam, salt and pepper, and three dessertspoonfuls of curry powder.

"In the salad I had ten good-sized papaws, four dozen bananas, two good-sized pineapples, three tins each of pears, apricots, peaches, a little sugar, and three tins of milk.

"Then I got two big coconuts and grated them up and sprinkled it on top of all the rest. I usually make about four gallons of fruit salad, and I believe if I made ten gallons they could eat it.

"I'm becoming quite a pastry-cook, too.

"I couldn't get any baking powder for a long time, and tried fruit saline instead, and, gee, it made everything rise beautifully, and as light as a feather.

"Only thing, when the pastry was cold you could taste the sweet fruit saline, but the men liked it, so it was O.K. as a substitute."

. . . . . .

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Interesting People

G. HAUGHAN, D. HARDY

. . . Red Cross in New Guinea

AUSTRALIAN Red Cross workers in New Guinea, Mr. G. F. Haughan (left), a senior representative, and Mr. D. H. Hardy, assistant commissioner, organise distribution of comforts to troops in forward areas, enlist aid of transport planes to drop parcels to men at battle stations. Both know country well. Were formerly in Department of Interior, Port Moresby.

MRS. IVY WEBER

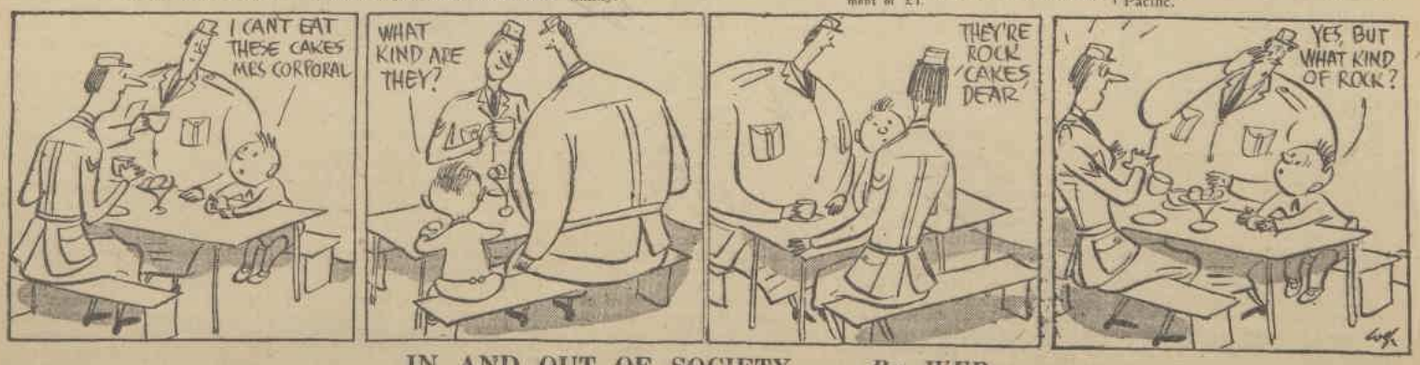
. . . "Women to Canberra"

RECENTLY launched to encourage and support candidature of women for Federal Parliament, the "Women to Canberra" Movement has as organiser and chairman Mrs. Ivy Weber, Victoria's first M.L.A. "Through the voters of Australia women can take their rightful and valuable place in our country's future," she declares.

REAR-ADMIRAL AUBOYNEAU

. . . Fighting French Navy

REAR-ADMIRAL AUBOYNEAU recently appointed Commander-in-Chief, Fighting French Navy, is also member of French National Committee, of which General de Gaulle is president. Represents interests of Navy and Mercantile Marine. Was recently in charge of Fighting French naval units in Pacific.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

PEOPLE born under the sign of Libra, Gemini, and Aquarius should enjoy unusual opportunities and good fortune this week. Consequently they should plan for promotion, gains, favors, changes, and more happiness.

Sagittarians and Arians are likely to benefit considerably, too. As for Leonians, Taurians, and Scorpions, for whom this is usually a poor time of the year, affairs should go quite smoothly provided caution be cultivated.

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Modest possibilities for advancement. Work hard on January 31 (between 10 a.m. and noon, and after 6 p.m., balance of day poor), February 1, fair; February 2, forenoon fair, thereafter poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Not a week for rashness or change. Take things quietly and keep to routine, especially from January 28 to 31, and on February 2.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy, Geminians. Desired goals, changes, and advancements are possible. Work hard on January 26 (after 4 p.m.), January 27 (especially between 5 a.m. and noon), and on January 28 (after 9 a.m., best near sunset). Utilise these days fully.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Things improve slightly now, but wait some weeks for really important projects. Meanwhile, January 30 (midday) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be very guarded against losses, opposition, misjudgments, discord, and partings. This is particularly so on January 29, January 30, January 31, and February 2. Routine best.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Consolidate past gains now and leave new ventures alone if they seem difficult to arrange. Be cautious on January 31 and February 2. January 29 and February 1 can be poor, too. But January 26 (after 4 p.m.), January 27 (to 11 a.m.), January 28 (near noon), and January 31 (sunrise) fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Don't waste January 26 (after 4 p.m.) and January 27 (especially to 11 a.m.). Much good can follow serious efforts to achieve success, change, favors, and happiness then. January 28 (after 9 a.m.) very good, too, especially nearing sunset. Also February 2 (forenoon).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Dodge trouble and worries of all kinds this week. Make no changes of importance if risk is attached, especially on January 26 (between noon and 4 p.m.), January 29, January 31, and February 2. January 30 probably poor, too. Routine work best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): January 26 (after 4 p.m.) and January 27 (to 11 a.m.) can be helpful in modest affairs. January 28 very fair, and January 30 (midday), February 1 (near dawn), and February 2 (forenoon) quite good.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Consolidate recent gains or improve matters already started by working hard on January 30 (around noon) and February 2 (forenoon). Be cautious during balance of week.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Plan well and work hard this week: success can attend your efforts. This is an ill for through matters started on January 26 (after 4 p.m.), January 27 (especially before 11 a.m.), and January 28 (after 9 a.m., but best near sunset), February 1 and February 2 (forenoon) very good, too. January 29, 30, and 31 tricky to poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 30 (around midday) good, so use it for modest affairs. January 26 (to 4 p.m.) poor. Also January 29, February 1, and February 2.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. Jane Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Film Guide

★★ **Cross Roads.** An exciting mystery-thriller tale of blackmail and intrigue, with William Powell and Hedy Lamarr heading a superlative cast. Swift-moving action cleverly works up to an unexpected climax—St. James; showing.

★★ **Two Yanks in Trinidad.** Boisterous comedy-drama following the Quirt-Flagg formula. A good picture of its type. Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy are big-shot racketeers who enter the army. Janet Blair is a cafe entertainer who sings the one song, "Trinidad."—Victory; showing.

★ **Syncopation.** This film, with Adolphe Menjou and Jackie Cooper, carries a trim measure of attraction for audiences who like bands and modern dance tempo with a touch of New Orleans 1907 blues, introduced by Bonita Granville as a Southern girl.—Civic; showing.

Home in Wyomin' Gene Autry's wooden performance in this film pulls it below average. A girl reporter, several murders, fist fights, and some good riding complicate the plot.—Capitol; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are back on the enemy ship, and have released
DR. GRIFF: Inventor of a machine to destroy planes in the air by electric energy. Using his hypnotic powers Mandrake convinces
THE CHIEF: Of the spies that a naval cutter is coming to their rescue. The spell passes, however, and the spy realises that once again he has been the victim of the magician. Meantime, Mandrake, after having ordered Lothar to join Dr. Griff in a launch moored alongside, is cornered by the chief spy who is about to shoot him, when he again uses his hypnotic powers and causes "Mandrakes" to appear on every side. In the confusion Mandrake leaps overboard into the launch.
NOW READ ON:

TO BE CONTINUED

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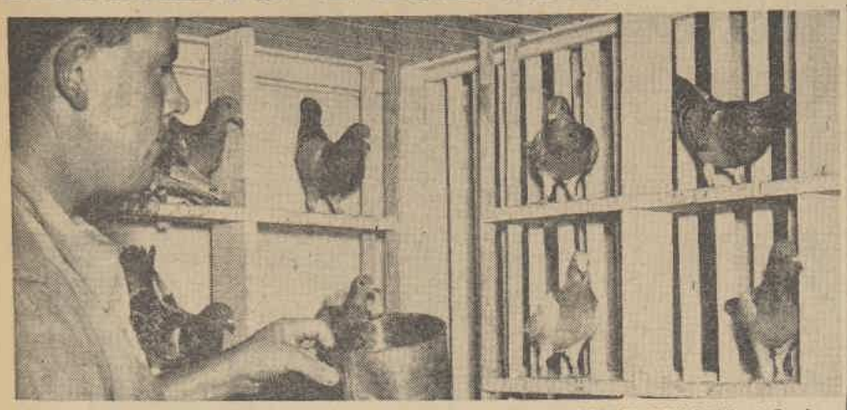
HOMING PIGEONS . . . Now on active service



INSIDE THE LOFT at Carrier Pigeon Service headquarters. Birds have individual perches. Signalman Gittoes, feed-tin in hand, looks over some of his charges.

Five thousand birds in training: as temperamental as humans

By DOROTHY DRAIN

A new recruit on active service with Australians is one of the world's oldest soldiers—the homing pigeon.

It is only in the last six months that the pigeon has taken its place alongside wireless and telephone in the Australian Army. But as a message carrier he dates back to King Solomon and saw honorable service with the Romans.

PIGEON enthusiasts had some difficulty in convincing authorities in this war that developments in radio and other communications had not relegated the birds to the shelf devoted to hobbies.

Nevertheless, the pigeon can get through when every other form of communication fails. The enemy can listen-in to your wireless, and cut your lines of communication, but he can't do much about pigeons.

And there's no such thing as a fifth-column pigeon!

Already these birds have proved their worth where difficult country and climate sometimes set a problem for radio.

Actual instances of their exploits there have so far not got past the censor, but Captain H. T. Cornish, O.C. of the Carrier Pigeon Service, N.S.W. Lines of Communication Area, has innumerable stories of them during this war and last, in Great Britain and Europe.

One British pigeon earned a posthumous V.C., a French pigeon won the Croix de Guerre, and early this month a British pigeon received an army citation for meritorious service.

In Britain, all patrolling aircraft take two pairs of birds. One pair is liberated with routine messages. Two others are kept for emergency.

Paratroops carry a pigeon with them, and the Germans use the birds from submarines to supply ships. The pigeons are liberated from the submerged submarine in a container which opens when water pressure is removed.

The Japanese used pigeons extensively in Malaya. They train pigeon experts from the age of 10.

At Carrier Pigeon Service headquarters last week I saw some of the 5000 birds being trained for active service in Australia.

Captain Cornish, young and enthusiastic, has had 20 years' pigeon experience, and all his staff, though many have seen other service, are from the ranks of pigeon-fanciers.

"It's no use to have this unit picked indiscriminately," said Captain Cornish. "In that case, a fellow might come here who hates the sight of pigeons. They're not everybody's taste. Some of the boys here are on the job from 6 a.m. till dark, and even when they're off duty they talk pigeons."

Wounded veteran

BUSY feeding a loft full of murmuring birds was Signalman Len Pardie, of Cowra, who has kept pigeons since he was a small boy. Deftly he caught an old campaigner, and brought it out for inspection.

This pigeon had recovered from a broken leg on an operational flight.

"Probably chased down by a hawk," said Captain Cornish. "The falcon hawk is the pigeon's worst enemy. Splints and rest cured this fellow, and he's as good as ever."

Corporal S. Cranfield demonstrated the way in which birds are trained to go into the loft from the landing stage.

When the birds are a few weeks old they are pushed in gently with a stick. The result is that the very sight of the stick is enough to hurry in the oldest bird.

"This is necessary," said Captain Cornish, "because on active service they may fall into the care of someone who does not know that working pigeons should be fed only at night. That man thinks, 'The poor things might be hungry,' and feeds them before releasing them.

"When they complete their flight they're not hungry, so they are in no hurry to go inside.

"I assure you there's nothing more humiliating than having a brigadier pacing around waiting for a message while a well-fed pigeon sits on top of the roof!"

The average speed of a pigeon is 45 air-miles an hour.

Their usual range on service is about 150 miles. But they can travel 450 miles in a day, and they have flown as far as 1000 miles.

The birds are trained at headquarters. At five weeks old they are taken about 50 yards before being released. At eight or nine weeks the distance has increased to five miles.

Then comes the general moulting period. The pigeons, now mature, have their range increased by five or ten-mile stages until, at the age of four or five months, they return home unerringly from 70 miles away.

"You have to know your birds," said Captain Cornish. "They are as temperamental as human beings. The placid ones usually accustom themselves more quickly to new surroundings, and when a batch is taken to a forward area these fellows are liberated first.

"Pigeons are gregarious, of course, so the excitable bird will follow his calmer fellows home.

"You can't always go by appearances, either. Sometimes the handsome fellow turns out brainless, and his rather dowdy-looking companion proves highly intelligent.

"Pigeons learn a new location in about six days.

Birds are mated

"BESIDES becoming familiar by sight with home location, the pigeon feels the attraction of its mate. So older birds are mated and taken away in pairs."

The hen sits all night on the nest. She is relieved at 9 a.m. by father, who does his nest shift until 3 p.m.

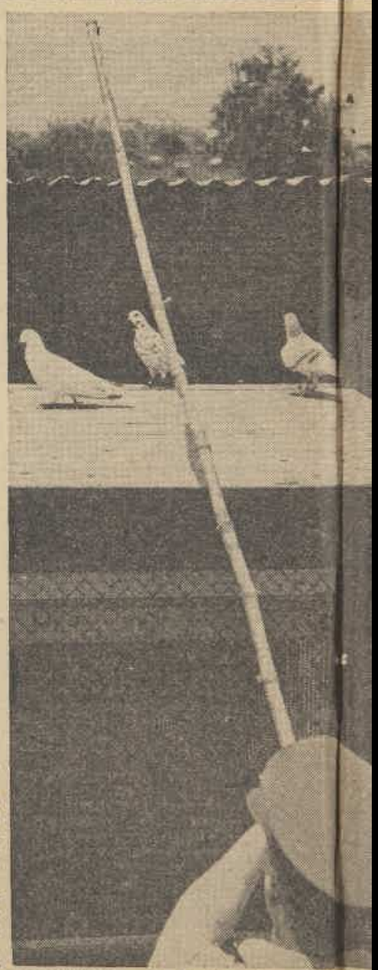
"In some remote parts of Europe pigeons are still the only means of communication," said Captain Cornish.

"Records show that they are 98 per cent. efficient in returning, and since every message is sent in duplicate in wartime, there is no chance of an important communication going astray.

"One Australian colonel who was in the last war still treasures the message which saved his brigade from extinction."

Besides being among the oldest soldiers, pigeons are the cheapest.

They cost no more than one halfpenny a day to feed.



ALIGHTING on the landing stage of the loft, are urged inside by a stick. If hungry they need urging.

Look who's here!

BOB DYER

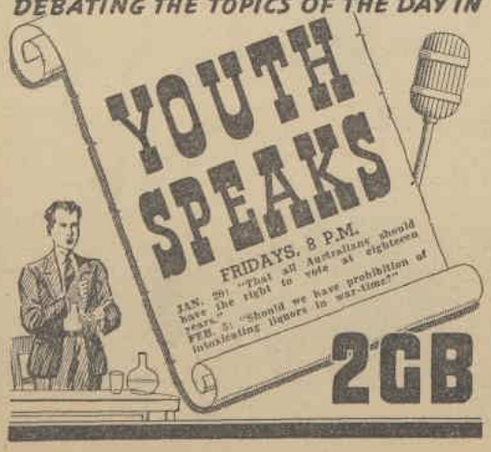
IN

"BOB DYER'S DINNER DIGEST"

It's the gayest, craziest, snappiest dinner show on the air.

6.30 p.m. Mon. to Thurs. 2GB

YOU'LL HEAR THE CLEAR CHALLENGING VOICES OF AUSTRALIA'S YOUTH DEBATING THE TOPICS OF THE DAY IN



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with the Australian Army

MESSAGE SENT. Corporal Cranfield, with the bird-pannier on his back, releases pigeon.

CAPTAIN H. T. CORNISH, O.C. Pigeon Service, releases a bird.

MESSAGE RECEIVED. Container for message is of light metal, clipped to bird's leg. They are made by a firm which formerly made lipstick containers. The birds are trained from an early age to become accustomed to the container. All pigeons have an identification ring on one leg.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4719816

Botany Bay

Continued from page 5

PINCHGUT is a rocky islet in the harbor, between Kirribilli Point and Garden Island. In those early days it was a penal colony within a penal colony, and the horror of every convict.

There was no water there, no shelter of any kind, nor shade against midday sun save for a few bushes and stunted trees.

Garden Island is only four hundred yards away, and from there to the land the distance is even shorter. The most indifferent of swimmers could have made his escape had there been no sharks. These monsters, of great size and ferocity, inhabited the harbor in scores. Several convicts, driven to desperation by existence on Pinchgut, had attempted the short swim to land. But not one had reached it.

Bread and water was the diet on Pinchgut. The place was visited once a week by a corporal's guard, who filled the keg and left seven days' supply of wretched bread, barely enough to sustain life.

My sentence on the island would expire on June 8, and I kept count of the days by means of scratches on a rock. Long after dark, on the last night of May, I was overjoyed to have my first visit from a friend. Winter was coming on and the night was too cold for sleep. Huddled in my blanket where there was a little shelter from the breeze I heard a cautious voice hailing me.

"Hugh! Hugh! Where are ye?"

It was Goodwin, paddling a native bark canoe close inshore. I guided him to the north end of the islet where we made ourselves as comfortable as we could among the rocks.

"I'm to have a boat next week. It's the devil and all to get hold of a canoe. I've tried a score of times afore now," Dan said.

He handed me a bundle, containing the first decent food I had tasted for three months, and I fell to ravenously while we chatted. Dan told me that Tom and Phoebe were married now, and had a baby son, to be christened Hugh Thynne.

"Do you see Miss Munro sometimes?" I asked, casually. "How is she?"

"Well enough. She's leaving tomorrow."

"Leaving!"

"Aye, for Norfolk with Captain O'Day and his lady. The Supply sails around midday."

I had hoped to have at least a word with Sally before her departure, and Dan's information disappointed me cruelly. To hide my discomfiture, I asked casually:

"You got leave to move to the other cove?"

He glanced at me in the darkness, seeming to hesitate before he spoke. "I hate to speak of us, lad, while ye're in a fix the like o' this . . . Yes, the Governor gave us leave. We've been a-buildin' our cottages. Tom's a hunter now, and I'm to have a boat, and nets. Hugh, ye must ask leave to live with us."

"I'm not likely to get it with a black mark against my name."

"Who knows? There's worse crimes than tryin' to run away."

We talked on in the dark while the small waves slapped against the rocks below, and we shivered in the chill breeze. At last Goodwin rose.

"I must be off, lad. The moon'll be up in half an hour. Ye'll be ashore in another week. There's a black family helping us these days. If they don't make off with their canoe, I'll slip up to see ye the first chance."

The breeze was at north-west next morning, and I knew that the Supply would pass between Pinchgut and Garden Island on her way out to the heads. Sally must never see me, yet I wanted a last glimpse of her. I chose a spot where I could see without being seen.

It was mid-morning when the brig came around Benelong Point, half a mile distant. She came on fast, and I flattened myself against the rock, never taking my eyes from the group standing on her quarter-deck. Now I could make out Sally, and Mrs. O'Day at her side.

Now she was abreast of Pinchgut and less than a hundred yards distant. Sally gazed fixedly at the barren islet, turned to stare back after the brig had passed. I still crouched there, gazing after her, trying all the time to pick Sally out from the group on the deck. I did not move until the vessel bore up and disappeared beyond the high land more than a mile away.

. . . . . .

On the last day of my exile, Goodwin passed close to Pinchgut in the launch Governor Phillip had allotted him for his fishing, and grinned as he pointed to the black man with him, who was learning to pull an oar. Next morning, promptly on the day set for my release, the marines came to carry me to Sydney.

As we pulled into the Cove, I could see that some progress had been made, though the improvement was pitifully small, considering the number of men at work.

Thynne was waiting for me on the wharf by the flagstaff; he nodded to the corporal and clasped my hand.

"Come, Tallant," he said, "His Excellency told me to fetch you. Prepare yourself for good news."

The Governor's house was close by, surrounded by cultivated land fenced with stakes. He looked up from his writing as Thynne ushered me in past the sentinel, and informed me briefly that while my attempt to escape had not been forgotten, I was to have one more chance. My petition to be a game-killer would be granted, and I could live with my friends in Blackwattle Bay. My future would depend upon my conduct and success at hunting.

I was so overjoyed at this good fortune that I could only stammer out a few words of thanks.

"You're in luck, eh, Tallant?" said Thynne. "You know whom you owe it to?"

"No."

"To Miss Sally Munro. And 'twas she who saved you from the flogging as well."

He glanced at me quizzically, relishing my astonishment.

"Quite so," he went on. "She'd been off on a three-day trip, with some of the officers and their wives, to the head of the harbor. They returned the very morning when you were to have been flogged. Miss Munro had heard nothing of your attempt to escape. The moment she learned of it, she came to Government House to ask for an audience with His Excellency. I heard every word that passed between them."

"What did she say?"

"A good deal that I hadn't known before. That your father and brother gave their lives for the King in the American war. That you were wounded in one of the last battles. That your loyalty cost you the family estate. You couldn't have had a more eloquent defender or a prettier one. She told how your compensation had never come through; how you were driven to commit a crime to get money.

"The end of it was that His Excellency sent an urgent message to Major Ross. You know the rest."

I glanced at Thynne's lean, intelligent face. "See here, Thynne, I suspect that you had a hand in this, too."

He smiled. "Why not? I had no wish to see you flayed alive. And I couldn't think of a better advocate for you than Miss Munro . . . Now, Tallant, I must hasten back to my inkpots. There'll be a warm welcome for you at Blackwattle Bay."

Thynne proved the best of prophets. I reached the small, new settlement an hour later, and the pleasure with which Nellie and the others greeted me warmed my heart. They had accomplished wonders at the head of the beautiful and lonely cove I had not seen for so long.

Two cottages stood close to the beach. The walls were of cabbage-palm, plastered with clay; the roofs neatly thatched with reeds of the gun-rush, and the floors were of clean, hard-packed sand.

The family of blacks, of whom Dan had spoken, lived in a bark hut nearby; a man, his wife, and a boy of fourteen. The fellow's name, Pattagorang, signified "kangaroo" in the local dialect, but Goodwin called him Pat.

I was taken into the Goodwin household; Tom and Phoebe, and their child, lived with Nellie Garth. It was plain from the first that Phoebe was never designed to be a mother. There was no doubt, I think, that she loved her little son. She would be seized by moods of the deepest tenderness for him. Then of a sudden she would tire of the child, turn him over to Garth or Mrs. Goodwin, and go off to see her mother at Sydney Cove; often she would be away for a day or two at a time.

Tom was shocked at this indifference, and more than one stormy scene took place when Phoebe would return; but it would pass quickly, for Tom could never be angry with her for longer than five minutes.

Oakley and I were up every morning before daylight to set out with musket or fowling-piece in search of game, while Dan went fishing.

Though he liked the country and was content with the work assigned him, Goodwin lived with but one thought in mind—a return home.

His time would be up in November, and both he and his wife were in a state of almost painful anxiety and impatience for the day to come. For, during these months, the transports and store ships that had brought us out had sailed, one by one. Only one, the Fishburn, remained in Sydney Cove; she was now upon the eve of sailing, and the Goodwins hoped to return in her.

Then came the long-wished-for day when, according to Goodwin's own careful reckoning, his seven-year sentence expired.

The next day was Sunday, and both households were astir early. The Goodwins were up before the rest of us, Dan making himself tidy, with his wife's help, for his walk to Sydney, where he was to see Governor Phillip.

"Oh, Dan, a happy day this is!" said Mrs. Goodwin, giving him a last brush with her hand. "Go along now, and come home the minute ye can. I'll have supper waiting and ready."

But the long day passed, and Dan did not return. We all waited up for him until at last we were sure that he could not be expected until morning.

I was more than sleepy myself by that time, and took a turn outside before going to bed. I walked down the path towards the bay and stopped short, for there was Goodwin, sitting on the little pier we had built over the shoal water.

"What is it, Dan? How long have you been here?" I asked.

He got heavily to his feet and turned his face towards me in the moonlight. "We're not to go," he said.

"Not to go? The Fishburn won't take you?"

"It's not that. I'll not be allowed to go, the Governor says." Of a sudden he roused himself, and his voice was cold and hard as he spoke again. "Will ye believe this? The convicts' papers was not sent out with us from England! That's what the Governor says. The fault's none of his, he says. The papers wasn't sent. Till they come, he can take no man's word for the time he's served."

I could think of nothing to say. What comfort could have been offered in the face of so bitter a disappointment?

. . . . . .

Next day, Tom and I were sent on a new mission. Six convicts had escaped and we were to go in search of them, taking Pattagorang with us.

Phoebe listened intently to my account of what we were to do.

"And you'll be gone a full week?"

"Longer, perhaps," I said.

"Oh, Tom! You'll not be here to see the Fishburn sail!"

"What of that?" said Tom. "I've no wish to see her go, but we can think of that with better heart since Dan and Bella won't be aboard. Their hard luck is our good."

A strange light came into Phoebe's eyes. "I'm so sorry for them," she said quickly, "but it would have been terribly lonesome here without them."

To be continued

Mrs. Roosevelt Spends the Night

Continued from page 4

MR. CHADWICK began to re-rally. "Sure. You slice the top off and absorb it with a spoon."

"You do? Harvard men know everything, don't they?"

"I majored in domestic science."

"Fine. But honestly," said Linno, "I'm terribly grateful, it's awful not having a man around the home."

"It's awful not having a home around the man." At her questioning eye he explained he had just served his year in the army, been dismissed, expected to be called again any minute, and for that reason nobody would bother to give him a temporary job. So he had a fifth-floor back, very dark, looking out on a brick wall, was going to law school on the tail of a scholarship and picking up what he could in various ways, including The Useful Hand.

His home was on a farm in Maine, where his father, a retired professor, had a hobby of hunting wild bees. He had six brothers and sisters, and his mother was a famous cook.

Linno listened, her eyes enormous. "Oh," she said, "what a wonderful family life. I love a big family on a farm, but my mother doesn't like children; she likes clubs and celebrities. And I'd love to cook, but Parthenia doesn't hold with my messing up her kitchen. But I'm going to marry a farmer, though, and have seven children—four boys and three girls—and the youngest will always be a boy." She stopped short. "No," she said, "he couldn't be. Could it?"

"Sure, why not? You could have three sets of assorted twins, the youngest in each case being a boy. Then you could have a single boy to end up with."

"You can do everything," said Linno, impressed; "even arrange my family. You're wonderful."

Seeing a terrific twinkle in his eyes, Linno said hastily, dropping a tray, "Probably we'd better be getting things ready. I don't know if I'd better offer Mrs. Roosevelt a cocktail, I don't know if she drinks one. Could you shake one up if she does?"

"Even if she doesn't. Do you want me to answer that phone?"

"It's only Chicago, Illinois, calling Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt," said Linno, opening the refrigerator door, "but go ahead."

When he came back he seemed alarmed. "Say, look, I'm sorry, but can you stand up under a whale of a blow?"

"What's happened now? Is Mr. Roosevelt coming?"

Mr. Chadwick flapped his hand mutely to the phone.

"Linno?" said Mrs. Montague Byrd, the president of the club where Mrs. Roosevelt was speaking. "I have an upsetting message for your mother, and I'm afraid to give it to her because I know, after the way she's been working all week to have things ready, it will probably put her to bed. But I've just had a wire that there's a blizzard in the Middle West, and Mrs. Roosevelt has been advised not to attempt to fly.

"She's not going to arrive until morning, unless the storm clears and she takes a later plane, in which case I will call you at nine o'clock. But I'm afraid there isn't a chance . . . Linno? . . . Hullo, hullo. Central, am I disconnected? . . . Linno, are you there?"

At quarter past nine, full of Mrs. Roosevelt's chick-n and persimmons, Mr. Chadwick, now called Chad, tailed and toppered, stood by the newel post, and Linno, a white wool evening coat over her arm, her red rhumba ruffles swaying, came down the stairs.

At the rapt look in his eyes, she said, breathlessly, "Are you sure it's all right? Do you honestly think we can crash the Bachelors' Ball without cards?"

"That dress could crash anything." He took the coat and held it out for her.

"Isn't everything cockeyed," she said, "the way it has turned out? Do you believe in coincidence?"

"Not particularly. I wrote down your licence number, and a friend of mine in the motor registrar's office looked up your name. When I heard that call from you I fixed it up with Reardon—that's the mother's helper. You don't mind, do you, Linno? You said something about maybe we'd get locked together again."

Before she could answer, the telephone, whose ringings had mounted all day, like taxes, gave its well-known peal. Terrified, they looked at each other, and Linno slowly nodded her head. Turning pale she sank down on a high hall chair, her ruffles shivering about her. But all she heard, coming perfectly plainly out of the earpiece, was the pleasant voice of Long Distance: "A person-to-person call from Seattle, Washington, for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Is she ready to talk?"

"Certainly," said Chad, happily, "but, not just now. Call to-morrow morning."

In one long slide they were at the front door. It banged behind them. As they skipped to the kerb, the telephone gave its merry ring. It went on and on, and the voice of Mrs. Montagu Byrd, at the other end of the wire, said imploringly to Central, "Keep right on ringing, please, Central. It's very important. I know there's somebody there."

(Copyright)

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MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Can I have this girdle retreaded?"

Success of youth in radio

This week station 2GB's "Youth Show" welcomes back its singing star, Peggy MacDonald, who joined the group when little more than a schoolgirl.

To-day she is a member of the W.A.A.A.F., serving as a telegraphist, and her reappearance while on leave is a reminder how the show has grown and prospered.

FOR two and a half years now, "Youth Show" has maintained a remarkably high standard of entertainment.

Dozens of juvenile performers have made their debut, and in some cases firmly planted their feet on the first rung of the ladder of success. Some of them are still heard in the show.

Their names include Reg Johnston, Joy Nichols, Margo Leigh, Graham Wicker, Pauline Garrick, and Celestine Connors. Others, after winning their spurs, have passed on to assured places in radio. Bettie Dickson, now an established radio actress, is an example.

Since war broke out, of course, many changes have taken place, for both lads and lassies have answered their country's call, and are now serving in the various forces. Among these are John Faasson, Jimmy Kerr, Jimmy Preston, Robin Ordell, Colin Croft, Bernard Don, Ken McFadden, and Peggy MacDonald.

Next Tuesday, February 2, the "Youth Show" programme will celebrate the comradeship between America and Australia with a programme dedicated to our Allies. Highlights will include the story of President Roosevelt, featuring George Nichols, and a finale with Joy Nichols at the microphone presenting one of the latest American songs, "Uncle Sam."

Tickets for the performance at the Macquarie Auditorium have been distributed among American troops, so the night will have a truly American flavor.

"The Youth Show" is heard from 2GB every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, and is under the directorship of Harry Pringle.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, January 27.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve. Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, January 28.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, January 29.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, January 30.—Goodie Reeve in "Melody Couplets."

SUNDAY, January 31.—"Roaming the Wide Range."

MONDAY, February 1.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, February 2.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3334

F3334.—Youthful little jumper frock with dashing contrast touches. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2842

F2842.—Dainty yet very practical 'jama suit, 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

1 2 3

Special Concession Pattern

DAINTY NEW UNDIES.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Requires 1¾yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 1yd. for panties, and ½yd. for brassiere.

No. 3.—Requires 2yds., 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month only from date of issue, 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4098W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4098W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 30/1/'43.

F3386

F3386. — Matrons will love this smart frock with its contrasting jacket. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3½yds. for frock, and 2½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10

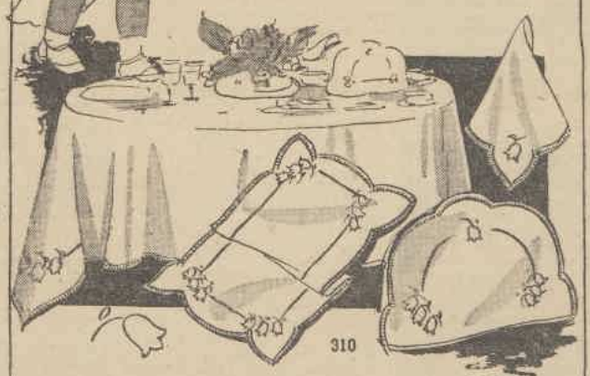
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

308

CHILD'S OUTFIT

COMPRISING darling frock and full, well-cut bloomers (No. 308). Both come to you with pattern traced on blue, pink, and white rayon crepe-de-chine, ready for cutting out and making up. Sizes 2 to 4 years, frock 4/11 (4 coupons), bloomers 2/11 (2 coupons); 4 to 6 years, frock 5/11 (5 coupons), bloomers 3/3 (2 coupons), plus 1/0½ postage, from our Needlework Department.

This ready-to-make outfit also available from our Needlework Department in dainty dimity cord (or cotton fabric) in patterned colorings as blue, pink, orange, and green, on a white background. Sizes 2 to 4 years, frock 3/11, bloomers 2/11; 4 to 6 years, frock 4/11, bloomers 3/3. Same number of coupons and postage as above.



310

Summery Luncheon Set

ABOVE is pictured a charmingly cool set for your tea-table, fashioned from crisp, lovely organdie. Christmas bell motifs decorate each piece, comprising 36 x 36 cloth, 18 x 12 traycloth, 13 x 10 tea-cosy, 11 x 11 serviettes. Such lovely shades to choose from: Lemon, green, and pink. Edges are plain; finish with lace, crochet, or buttonholing.

Complete set, embracing ready-to-embroider cloth, tray-cloth, and tea-cosy, price 12/6, plus 6½d. postage. Serviettes cost 1/- each, cloth 5/11, tray-cloth 3/6, cosy 3/11. Postage 6½d.

Please ask for No. 310.

Bib and Brace Overalls

DON'T you think they're cute? Note No. 309, at right. Designed for the 4 to 8-year-olds, they come to you with the pattern clearly traced on linette (a good wearing material), ready to cut and sew. Colors: Blue, lemon, green, pink, ecru, brown; also white. Shoulder-straps carry a pretty design for vivid embroidery.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, price 5/3 (6 coupons); 6 to 8 years, price 6/3 (6 coupons), plus 6½d. postage.

Paper patterns only, price 1/4.

309

F3381

F3381.—Cool and pretty style for summer. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. and 2yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2168

F2168.—Small girls will look sweet in this crisp frock with gay striped trim. 4 to 10 years. Requires 2½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"HELENA" suit in silk slub

THIS attractive, all-occasion suit is designed in a heavy silk slub linen in apple-green, pink-coral, sky-blue, golden-wheat, turquoise, dark navy, and white.

The "HELENA" suit is deftly tailored with trim, high neckline, shaped basque, and skirt box-pleated in the front.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, ready to wear, 42/6 (13 coupons); cut out to make yourself, 25/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, ready to wear, 46/6 (13 coupons); cut out to make yourself, 39/11 (13 coupons).

Postage 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "HELENA." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given below. When ordering be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4719818

BALLET SEASON. Three pupils of Madame Kirsova—Joan Gadston, Strelsa Heckelman, and Frances Lett — practise in the Botanic Gardens for the ballet season which will commence at the Conservatorium on February 9, for the Legacy Club's War Orphans' Appeal.

RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS. Captain O. D. Jackson, A.I.F., and his fiancee, V.A. Honor McLeish, received telephoned congratulations while celebrating their engagement at Prince's. Honor was among first batch of V.A.'s to leave Australia, and met Captain Jackson while she was stationed at Colombo.

JUST ENGAGED. Sheelagh Cassidy, wearing lovely aquamarine and diamond ring, and Sub.-Lieutenant John Hatrick, R.A.N.V.R., celebrate the announcement of their engagement with dinner at Prince's.

D.F.C. WINNER WEDS Flying-Officer Peter Gibbes, D.F.C., and his bride, formerly Sandra Jaques, after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

On and Off Duty.

CAMOUFLAGE NETS. Busy packing camouflage nets at the National Defence League netting centre, 379 Kent Street, are Mrs. M. Story, Miss N. Reid, Mrs. Fairfax Ross, and Mrs. G. Chambers.

AT meeting of Red Cross Divisional Council, chairman, Mr. Wilfrid Johnson, announced that new regulations just gazetted for V.A.'s permitted them to enrol at age of 16 instead of 18 as formerly.

He said: "During their training they will be enrolled as members of detachments, and can wear the uniform and perform voluntary service.

"This measure will result in the provision of a reservoir of personnel which can be fully trained for enlistment in the A.A.M.W.S., or for further voluntary service in the V.A.D.'s."

• • •

MET, pretty Jasmin Barton in town, who tells me she is mailing photograph of herself to fiance, Lieut. John Ludowici, A.I.F.

"My last letter from John said that when he returned to his tent the other day he found a piece of shrapnel had gone straight through the roof and smashed my photograph which was standing on the table.

"So I am sending him another photo to replace the casualty."

Jasmin now works full-time in a hush-hush war job.

ENGAGED. Pretty V.A. Jill Roberts, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Roberts, of Darling Point. Jill's engagement to L.a.c. Bob Buckland, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Buckland, of Bellevue Hill, was announced recently.

ANNETTE STOGDALE is latest young thing to join up for full-time service in women's service. Vivacious "Stog" now wears W.R.A.N.S. uniform.

PIANOS are urgently needed for the R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund for use in operational units and training centres.

Mr. H. A. Schey, secretary of fund, tells me pianos will all be vetted by fund's piano expert, Mr. Ken Welch. Also tells me fund is willing to buy pianos at "service" rates, "but naturally we can't afford top prices," he explains.

He also asks if any billiard tables in country centres or elsewhere are not being used, fund would be very grateful for them.

Anyone wishing to inquire further should ring Mr. Schey at B4181.

• • •

COUNTRY engagement just announced is that of Mary, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sheahan, of Crohanne, Mandurama, to Lance-Bombardier Francis Waring, A.I.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Waring, of Singleton.

• • •

AS her husband is stationed with the R.A.A.F. in another State, Mrs. Paul Cahill, who before her recent marriage to Flight-Lieutenant Cahill was Pamela Parsons, is now staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Parsons, of Mosman.

Is now working every day with her V.A. Detachment, members of whom made a guard of honor at her wedding at St. Canice's.

• • •

CELEBRATION of third birthday of St. Andrew's Canteen on February 24. Service in the cathedral will be conducted by Archbishop Mowll, and attended by groups of workers at Hut. There will be a meeting in the Chapter House after the service. Anzac Buffet Women's Auxiliary will celebrate their third birthday at about the same time.

• • •

AT christening at Holy Trinity Church, Orange, recently, of Charmayne, baby daughter of L.a.c. Gordon Twyman, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Twyman, baby's aunt, Miss Bobbie Lockhart, and grandfather, Mr. Roy Lockhart, stood as godparents.

L.a.c. Twyman is at present in Canada.

Betty

Heard Around TOWN

THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . ***Emergence of "Waltzing Matilda" as unofficial Australian National Anthem . . . Precedes many radio news sessions . . . News from London that famous Australian tune is always played at Dorchester Hotel as soon as Australian servicemen enter . . . Servicemen being asked to sing it from dais no matter what their vocal capacity.***

Fete for University Settlement to be held at University in May . . . Market produce, which is already being grown, for sale at fete . . . Bouquets of herbs being prepared by Mrs. Timothy Kelly at her home at Castle Hill . . . Her recipes for cooking with herbs, which include delicious "chicken with rosemary" and "spaghetti with basil" . . .

The cocktail party held at Rose's last Friday to raise funds for the Allied Soldiers' Club in Macleay Street . . . The theatre afternoon on February 3 at the Royal, for which 2/5 Field Regiment Comforts Fund are selling tickets . . . For tickets apply Mrs. Clive Ingate (JA4953) or Comforts Fund rooms (MA3678) . . .

WOMAN DOCTOR WEDS. Lieutenant Lawrence Eastmuir, A.I.F., and his bride, after their wedding at St. Mary's Basilica. Bride, who was Dr. Grace Herlihy, will return to duty at Women's Hospital, Crown Street, after her honeymoon.

The success of art unions for war charities . . . Fighting Forces Art Union, which will aid Legacy War Orphans' Appeal, R.S.S.A.I.L.A., and War Veterans' Home, which has offices in Union House, George Street . . . Chairman Capt. Bert Oldfield, and treasurer Lieutenant "Ro" Cutler, V.C., both indefatigable workers for the cause . . . "Ro" Cutler (champion fete opener) who officiates at carnival at Lindfield for R.S.L. All Services Canteen, Lindfield, organised by Roseville and Kuring-gai sub-branches.

SERGEANT AND MRS. W. D. S. HARPHAM after their recent marriage at St. Ignatius' Church, Toowong, Brisbane. Mrs. Harpham, formerly Peggy Allen, is well known here as Arts graduate of Sydney University, after three years as student at Sancta Sophia College.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4719819

Movie World

PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

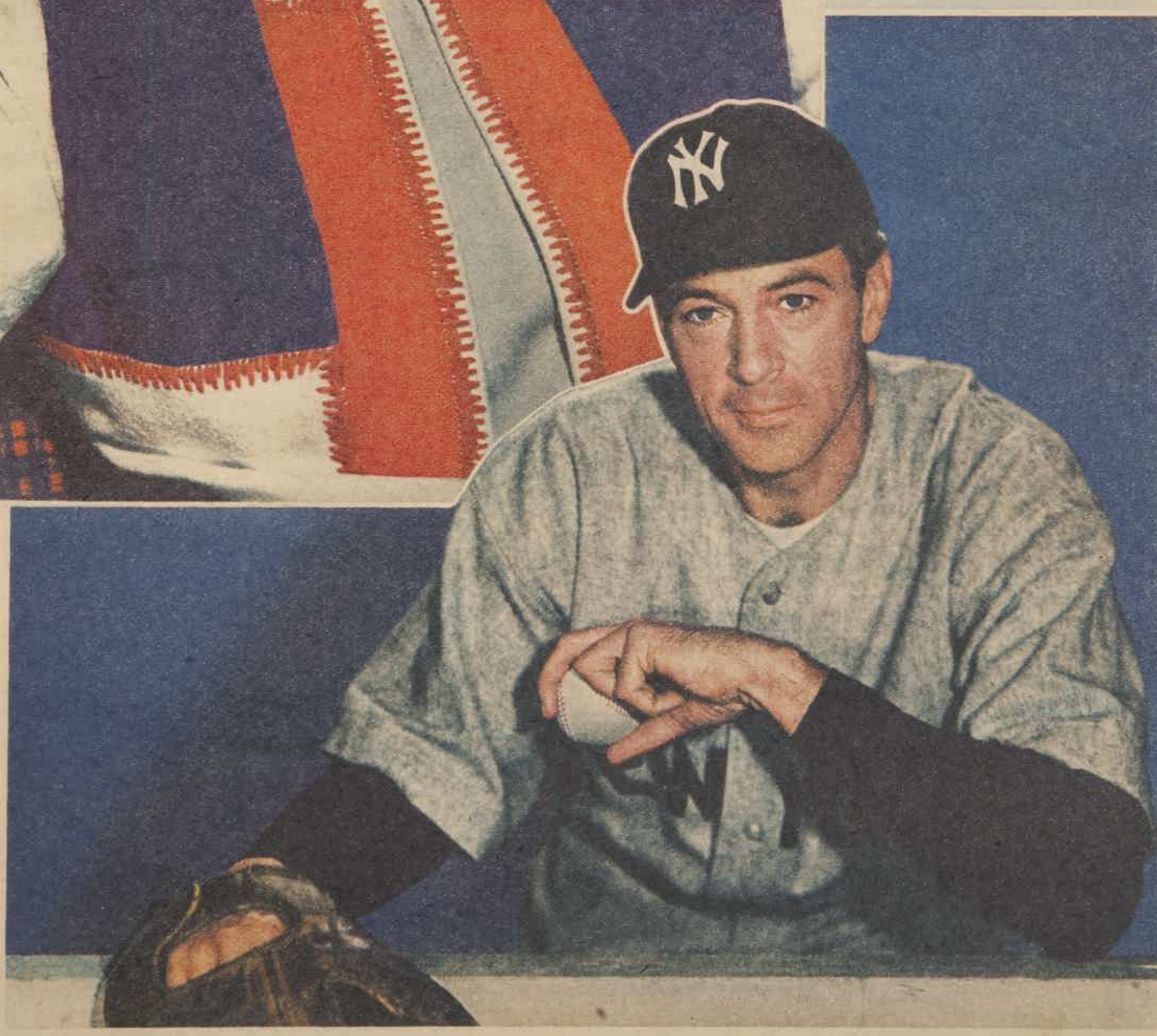
EVEN the blase Hollywood critics are excited about the teaming of Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright in a film that brings to the screen the life story of Lou Gehrig, one of the best-loved figures in the annals of American sport.

Forty-one-year-old Gary has been a screen hero for more than ten years, and way back in 1930 this lanky Western cowboy was giving conscientious performances in melodramas of Old Virginia.

Teresa Wright is only 22, with a natural charm and a great dramatic talent. Sam Goldwyn spotted her in the New York hit, "Life With Father," and lured her to Hollywood to play Bette Davis' daughter in "The Little Foxes." Her sensitive work in this film won for her an impressive series of roles, including the much-sought-after characterisation of Eleanor Gehrig in RKO's "Pride of the Yankees."

● *At the premiere of "Pride of the Yankees," film critics hailed Teresa Wright, who appears as Mrs. Lou Gehrig, as the next winner of Best Actress Academy Award.*

● *A perennial box-office favorite, Gary Cooper scores again with his sincere and moving portrayal of the late Lou Gehrig, famous baseball player in RKO's "Pride of the Yankees."*



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For "film star" hair beauty

The many hair-nourishers and beautifiers in Amami Shampoo are the complete prescription for fascinating, healthy hair. Only in Amami will you find this blend of ingredients to nourish hair roots and scalp, and make your hair radiantly lovely. There's a special Amami Shampoo for every type and colour of hair.

Price 11½d. (including rinse).

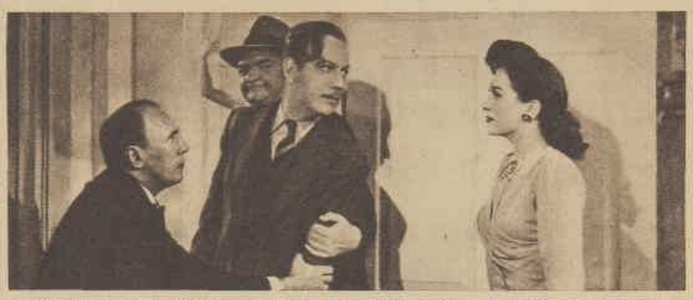
AMAMI SHAMPOO

After your shampoo use Amami Wave Set to give your hair a perfect setting. Amami Wave Set is non-oily, non-sticky, and dries quickly.

Gay clash of wills

1 **INVESTIGATOR** Michael (Douglas), planning to expose Drew Trucking Company, learns from driver Johnny (Jenkins) of Drew wedding dislocating traffic.

2 **INDIGNANT,** Michael forces his way into Drew household, where Vivian (Helen Parrish) is marrying Stephen (Roger Clark), and, as a gesture of bravado, kisses the astonished bride.



3 **ELDER SISTER** Margaret Drew (Joan Crawford), who runs the company, suspects Michael of being Helen's ex-suitor, and despite protests from the Drews' attorney, Marsh (Roland Young), has him arrested for trespass.

4 **THREATENING** to sue Margaret unless she dines with him, Michael takes her to Drew staff dance with Johnny and friend.

5 **NEXT DAY** Margaret sacks drivers, but furious Michael, hurrying to protest, is calmed by Mrs. Drew (Billie Burke).

6 **UNWILLING** Margaret is, meantime, dragged to her drivers' rendezvous by her lawyer to hear their side of the case.

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A THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE By **KAYSER**

K43-1

Generous gesture by Joan

JOAN CRAWFORD went to Columbia from Metro to make this gay comedy, "They All Kissed the Bride," and her studio willingly gave her leave of absence.

For this is the picture which was to have been made by Carole Lombard on her return from her fatal plane journey.

Joan volunteered to take her place, but donated her entire salary for the picture, some £34,500, to charity. It was divided among the Red Cross, the Infantile Paralysis Fund, the Navy Relief Fund, and the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

This is only the second time that Joan has made a picture outside Metro in all her years with that studio.

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ***

"BUDGETED" LOVELINESS . .

. . . . She, too, like her civilian sister, prefers her precious components to loveliness INDIVIDUALLY TEAMED . . . and to retain her peace-time charm on the restricted income her selfless devotion to King and Country has imposed

HER CHOICE IS . .

paul Duval

PERSONALISED COSMETICS

Obtainable exclusive Stores and Chemists.

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WINNING ON THE FASHION FRONT

NOWADAYS you've got to have more taste than money (and coupons) but there's a variety of cunning ways to win through. When you're buying a new frock, pick a versatile one that can be stylised with a starched white linen sailor and gloves to match, and simplified with a hand-crocheted white cotton snood and chunky bolero . . .

+ + +

¶ Take that pincheck gingham evening gown and rehash it into a saucy little suit frosted with touches of white pique . . . launders before you can say Jack Robinson, and looks as fresh as paint . . .

+ + +

¶ This season you can profit by the flattery of patchwork—because it's gay and young, and provides the perfect solution of how to use those left-over bits of material . . . It appears in the boudoir made up into unbelievably glamorous housecoats . . . it invades the town in the form of wide cummerbunds, or brief boleros on a slim black frock . . . it's the fashion tops of to-day for its appeal and its patriotic economy.

+ + +

¶ Scan your wardrobe with a critical eye . . . if you've got deft fingers and a dash of originality you'll be surprised at the brilliant changes you can make for a few pence . . . transforming those tired hats with a shower of pert ribbon bows, or a whiff of veiling . . . cutting down two old frocks to make one smart model . . . it's a fascinating game and pays dividends in chic.

+ + +

¶ There are countless ways to metamorphose those plain black frocks to make them into cheery morale-builders. Frilly collar and cuffs in spotted white net will exalt your ego . . . a Quaker-girl collar in dazzling white pique will keep you looking dewy-fresh in the office . . . Hunt through your piece box for scraps of pastel or white material, and in your spare time make several miraculously-fetching collar and cuff sets.

Remember, femininity is at a premium now—and looking lovely is one of your wartime duties.—Peg McCartney.

• Those whopping peasant kerchiefs are so versatile. Here are a couple of bright suggestions: Tie one round the waist, apron fashion, and wear another as a snood.

• One way to alter the face of a discarded pillbox is to sew a number of pert and hectically bright bows all over the crown.

• Make this beret by cutting two circles 14in. in diameter; cut a 6in. circle out of the middle one; stitch both together and sew ribbon round the 6in. hole for your head.

• Pep up your everyday boater by gathering a spotted back veil on to a piece of round elastic and a clump of flowers in front, and you can lift it off at will.

• A capacious over-the-shoulder shopping-bag can be simply made from colored felt—or from striped canvas if it's going to do heavy duty—and is far more effective than the string bag.

• I think it's rather cute to transform an old dress with a brand-new top, especially if you lace it up over the shoulders with grosgrain or velvet ribbon.

• Cut off the worn ends of your belt, and through the centre slot contrasting grosgrain ribbon, tying in a bow in front.

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Fresh as a Spring Breeze

That's you when you use Liquid Odorono which you need use as little as once a week.

Every woman must decide for herself just how often she must use Odorono (for physical control varies) . . . but regularity of use guarantees infallible results. Develop the regular habit of Odorono, and dismiss the threat of perspiration for a week or more.

Odorono is a doctor's prescription. It comes in two strengths: "Regular", the most effective perspiration check ever made, and "Instant", milder for women with especially sensitive skin.

ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 2/2 and 3/9

A HAPPY, healthy babe will need no coaxing where food is concerned, but drastic results can follow the forcing of unwanted food upon infants at teething time or the weaning period.

Feeding hints for babes

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

MANY babies suffer with gastric troubles because many mothers seem to think that unless a baby always takes the full amount of its food it will lose weight or will suffer in some way.

A babe sometimes suffers a natural loss of appetite at teething time, at weaning time, or when recovering from an illness, and yet the over-anxious mother is inclined to force or coax her babe to take food.

A gastric attack, more or less severe, often follows after this treatment.

A leaflet containing useful feeding hints has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever, SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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Help Your Kidneys

flush out uric acid poisons by taking

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

This remedy stimulates kidney action and soon restores these organs to a healthy state; makes you feel fit and well.

Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers.

Foster-McClellan Co., Proprietors, 15 Hamilton St., Sydney.

Along the PRIMROSE PATH

● To many an English or Scottish exile the fragrance and pale yellow petals of the primrose speak of home. They do to me . . .

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE SOFT, pastel yellows, pinks, and blues of the hybrid primroses and polyanthus blend well with the old English favorites.

BUT if we are to feast our eyes on these lovely flowers in the spring we must begin early—digging, composting, sowing, cultivating, watering, nursing, and guarding them against pests and ills.

And the English primrose is a tender plant. In its own land it is a wildling, nestling under the sheltering arms and shade of giant oaks. It naturally follows that an acid soil suits the primrose best.

It dislikes our hot weather intensely, therefore this lowly plant should be given a semi-shady position, in soil that is moist and well-endowed with leaf-mould. During long, dry, hot seasons the plants (true perennials) frequently die, but if the soil is well enriched with fibrous material, and water regularly applied, this loss will be overcome.

In recent years many beautiful hybrid primroses have been introduced, ranging in color from delicate shades of pink through red to mauve and blue. These in most cases are crosses between the yellow primrose and those of Asiatic origin.

Care with hybrids

THE hybrids, for the most part, are considerably more tender than their British cousins, and need careful growing under glass or in very well-protected and sheltered spots outdoors.

In all there are several hundred members in the primrose family, the gorgeous Chinese and Japanese primroses being some of the finest.

The primulas are related to this family, primula malacoides and its many varieties being one of the best known.

Practically all of these plants can be grown out of doors in Sydney and in the warm parts of the Commonwealth. English and similar primroses can be grown from seed sown now.

The soil should be light and the seeds covered with a quarter-inch of finely-sifted leafmould and sand (equal parts). Keep the seed-beds shaded until germination takes place.

As the seedlings appear they should be pricked off to small pots filled with good, light, fibrous soil. Transplant when big enough to semi-shady spots in the rockery or beds. The soil for their permanent positions should be deep, moist, rich, loamy, and well drained.

Shorter, Better SHORTHAND

Get details from Mr. T. Stanley Summerhayes, shorthand expert, and Principal since 1896. Metropolitan Business College, Daley St., Sydney. This is your great opportunity.

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You can tell what kind of a home this is, by the very look of that tea towel. Where there's Persil, there's always brightness . . . clean white clothes and linens. Yes, it takes Persil's oxygen-charged suds to give true whiteness. And many a woman is finding Persil's gentleness the solution to the problem of hard-to-replace linens.

Have you any washing problems? Why not drop a line to Mrs. Holiday, Box 3767 SS, G.P.O., Sydney. She's an expert—and she'll be pleased to help you FREE.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. P.211.24

WEAR and CARE for Stockings

Lustre stockings will give longer wearability if you give them sensible care. Be sure you don't catch the delicate threads on roughened skin on your hands . . . or mounted rings. And, watch out for those ladder-making snags on furniture.

WASH WISELY: Use mild soap, lukewarm water, squeeze gently and dry in the shade.

Lustre

Fine Lingerie and Full Fashioned Stockings

L3

Ps.13.XS

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DIGNITY IS A BEAUTY ASSET

SWEET DIGNITY is personified in this picture of youthful Louise Allbritton, Universal starlet. Every girl should aim to be gracious and dignified, and so earn the respect and admiration of everyone around her.

The dignified girl is not cold, arrogant, or imperious. She is charming, gracious, and unassuming.

By MARY ROSE,
Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

NO one—man or woman—really admires the girl who lacks dignity.

No matter how much she tries to cover her actions with a smart showiness she will never hold the respect of those around her.

She can never be called lovely, or sweet, or charming as every girl in her heart of hearts wishes to be called.

No use for her to say: "I don't care what you think or say—or what anybody thinks or says." This is the mask of defiance which wears off as the sands of time run out and she realises that she is neither attractive nor popular.

Dignity is a very precious beauty asset, and every girl should aspire to an elevation of mien and manners.

LOUISE ALLBRITTON, wearing another type of hair-dress.

When I say an "elevation of mien and manners" I do not mean that a girl should be grand, aloof, coldly superior, or majestically august.

Just be a little more gracious, a little more courteous, a little more thoughtful. Don't be self-centred.

Don't lean to mean hurtful gossip or allow yourself to say cruel, spiteful things.

Don't be too free and easy in speech. Don't speak loudly, coarsely, or act in a bolsterous, hoydenish manner.

Walk with grace, lighten the world with your smile.

Don't sprawl when you sit; don't fidget. The fidgety person irritates her companions to the point of murder!

Dress neatly and groom yourself meticulously.

The old saying that "As you think so shall you grow" is just as true to-day. Right thinking coupled with right acting will turn you into an attractive, charmingly dignified, and very desirable girl.

Who wants to be otherwise?

Tinea on the hands—and feet...

● Medico tells you how to avoid it; also gives advice on treatment to the unfortunate.

MRS. JONES apologised for calling on me. "I know how busy you must be," she said, "but it's my wedding ring."

Noting my look of surprise, she hurried on to explain. After she has had her hands in water, even if only for a few minutes, the skin under and around the ring—which is a wide one—blisters and becomes soft and itchy. "In fact, it is just like that trouble I had on my feet when I came to see you last year," she said.

Mrs. Jones had been to see me with a stubborn case of tinea, or surfers' foot as it is known here.

A native of the East it has been brought to Australia, and probably 80 per cent. of the adults in this country have or have had it in some form or other.

The first sign of tinea is usually scaliness or sogginess between the toes, or intense itching and burning of the feet. This is followed by the formation of large, raw blisters. Eventually these give way to scaling and thickening, and the infection settles down for a while before starting all over again.

The cause is one of the many higher fungi related to the common mould, which attack bread left in an open, moist place. It is spread by walking on wet infected floors of bathrooms, floors, and matting in public baths and bathing-sheds.

It may even be lurking on the beach. The best way to avoid getting it is to take care not to walk barefooted anywhere, and never to wear another person's slippers or shoes.

It is difficult to cure because it is hard to get rid of all the spores or seeds of the fungus.

There are several treatments—the most simple is to apply a weak solution of iodine to the affected parts twice a day. As it clears up it is necessary to continue the treatment by applying it at least once a week for three months. The skin may appear perfectly healthy, but it only needs a hot day to make the feet moist, and the trouble starts all over again.

If infection is stubborn

IF the infection proves stubborn, a doctor's prescription will be needed for a special antiseptic lotion of 1 per cent. brilliant green. This is applied after the feet have been soaked in hot water for 20 minutes and the skin has been rubbed with a rough, dry towel to remove as much of the horny layer as possible.

The feet should always be kept as dry as possible. If they become hot and moist the infection will be encouraged. A thorough drying and a liberal application of talc powder will help to keep them free from trouble. The main thing to remember, if the feet become infected, is that the cure depends on perseverance.

Mrs. Jones had not persevered long enough. The foot had the appearance of having healed, when in reality the fungus was only lying dormant, waiting for an opportunity and place to start again, which it did—in her hand. She was told to take off her ring each time she washed her hands. Moisture anywhere on the skin is an invitation to the fungus to cause irritation.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES CENTRAL BUREAU

OCEAN HOUSE
34 MARTIN PLACE. SYDNEY

Girls and women wishing to join one of the following Auxiliaries may apply at the Bureau or to National Service Offices in the districts in which they reside:—

WOMEN'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL SERVICE

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

VOLUNTARY AIDS (Full Time Service)

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

Particulars of service and application forms are available for all services. Women in certain categories are eligible for enlistment or enrolment only under specified conditions, which will be explained when applicants call at the Central Bureau or National Service Offices.

C. J. Bellemore,
DEPUTY DIRECTOR GENERAL OF MANPOWER, N.S.W.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because it can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart. Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, failing memory, dizziness, flushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure — to relieve aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 6/6 flask of 80 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 3/6 (15-day) flask of 36, from your nearest chemist or store to-day. M80

Be Sure to Get
Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S
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Gibbs SOLID Dentifrice

now in attractive coloured containers.

Large container of Dentifrice 1/8½
Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4½

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Cool, Refreshing Sweets . . .

• Try these cool sweets on warm days. They are weather-conscious, simple to make, cool as cucumbers to look at, and refreshing to eat!

ALL recipes can be made in the cool of the evening, or in the freshness of the morning.

CHILLED HONEY CUSTARD

One pint milk, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons honey, pinch cinnamon, 1 orange, mint.

Combine the eggs, honey, ½ teaspoon orange rind, and beat well together. Heat the milk and pour over the eggs and stir until well mixed. Flavor further with a pinch of cinnamon. Bake in a very slow oven until set, about 35 minutes. Serve cold, topped with thinly-sliced orange and freshly-chopped mint.

UNCOOKED FRUIT SOUFFLE

Three eggs, rind of 1 and juice of 2 lemons, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup boiling water.

Beat the egg-yolks and sugar well together. Beat in the lemon rind and add the juice. Stir in the gelatine which has been dissolved in the boiling water. When quite cold, fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and allow to set. Pile roughly into serving dish and garnish with a tiny wedge of orange or lemon.

FRUIT SALAD CREAM PIE

One tart case of biscuit or shortcrust pastry, 1 cup fruit salad, 1 pint milk, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, sugar or honey to taste, finely-chopped nuts (may be omitted), pulp of 1 or 2 passionfruit (may be omitted).

Bake the pastry case and, when cold, cover the bottom with fruit salad. Blend the cornflour with a little milk. Stir into the milk with the sugar or honey and lemon rind. Simmer three minutes. Add the lemon juice and beaten egg. Cool slightly, whip in the passionfruit pulp and pour over the fruit salad. The mixture may be colored a pale green. Sprinkle top with nuts and serve very cold in wedges.

FROZEN FRUIT SHERBET

One orange, 1 banana, 1½ lemons, 10 cherries, green or red coloring, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 eggs.

Crush the banana with a fork and blend with the orange rind, orange and lemon juice, and sliced cherries. Color lightly, and then add the sugar and water, reserving 2 tablespoons of sugar. Add the beaten egg-yolks. Freeze in refrigerator trays until very cold, but still soft. Remove, beat, and fold in the egg-whites, whisked with the sugar until stiff. Return to the refrigerator trays and freeze until set.

CHILLED RHUBARB CHARLOTTE

One bunch rhubarb, ½ cup sugar, 1 orange, ½ cup water, ½ cup honey, thin slices of stale bread, melted butter, nutmeg or cinnamon, castor sugar.

Wash the rhubarb and cut into 1-inch lengths. Combine the sugar, orange rind and juice, honey and water, and bring to the boil. Add the rhubarb and simmer gently until tender. Cut the bread into finger-lengths, brush with melted butter, and line an oven-proof dish. Add the cooked fruit and lattice-buttered breadfingers over the top. Dredge with castor sugar, dust with nutmeg or any spice, and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve very cold. Delicious topped with home-made ice-cream.

SO PRETTY AND COOL is the verdict on the sweet pictured above. This fruit salad ambrosia mould is luscious, too. Serve after a grill.

APRICOT FLUMMERY

One tablespoon flour, 1½ cups sweet syrup from stewed apricots, 1 cup apricot pulp, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, juice and rind of 1 lemon or orange.

Blend the flour with a little syrup. Soften the gelatine in the remainder of the syrup. Heat slowly until the gelatine is dissolved, and then stir in the blended flour and boil for 3 minutes. Add the lemon rind and juice. When cool, whisk until the mixture begins to set, and whip in the apricot pulp.

Pile on to serving-dish and decorate with halved stewed apricots and fresh mint sprigs.

PASSIONFRUIT CUSTARD CREAM

One tablespoon butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, pulp of 3 passionfruit, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Cream the butter, sugar, lemon rind, and juice. Beat in the passionfruit pulp and egg-yolks. Beat in the milk alternately with the flour. Lastly, fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into a greased ovenproof dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes. Serve very cold.

MINT CHIFFON

One teaspoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1/3rd cup lemon juice, 1/3rd cup orange juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon mint leaves.

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Combine the fruit juices and beat into the egg-yolks, and first measure of sugar. Add the mint leaves and cook over boiling water until the mixture coats the spoon. Stir in the softened gelatine, stirring until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain out the mint leaves and then add the grated orange and lemon rinds and the egg-whites beaten with the remaining sugar. Allow to set and then pile roughly into the serving dishes and garnish each service with a fresh mint sprig.

FRUIT SALAD AMBROSIA MOULD

One and a half cups fruit salad, few cherries and few mint sprigs, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine, ½ pint hot water, ½ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely-grated lemon rind, sugar or honey to taste.

Make a lemon jelly by dissolving the gelatine in hot water, adding the lemon juice, cold water, lemon rind, and sugar to taste. Set a clear pattern of cherries and mint leaves at the bottom of a wetted mould. Add the fruit salad to the remainder of the lemon jelly, which should be nearly set. Pour into the mould. When quite set, pour on the cold custard in which the second measure of gelatine has been dissolved. A few cherries may be added to this. When quite set, turn out and garnish attractively.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

ORANGE SOUFFLE TART

Four ounces good shortcrust, 2 oranges (rind and juice), 2oz. sugar, 1oz. butter, 2 eggs, 2oz. cake crumbs, chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Line a tart plate with the pastry. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Add the yolks of eggs, then the orange juice, rind, and cake crumbs. Pour into the pastry case. Place in the centre of a hot oven (450 deg. F.) and cook 10 minutes. Reduce heat (400 deg. F.) and cook for a further 20 minutes. Stiffly beat the egg-whites with 2 tablespoons sugar and pile on to the tart. Top with finely-chopped nuts and return to a slow oven (300 deg. F.) to lightly brown and set the meringue. Serve very cold.

Note: The meringue may be folded into the orange mixture before pouring into the pastry case.

KITCHEN CUTOUTS

Basic Recipe No. 23

PANCAKES

Four ounces plain flour, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, pinch salt.

Sift the flour and the salt. Beat the egg and add 2/3rds of the milk. Make a well in the centre of the flour, add beaten egg and milk and, using a wooden spoon, gradually stir in the flour from around the centre well, blending to a smooth batter. Beat with the back of the spoon until smooth and creamy. Add the remainder of the milk. The pancakes are lighter if the batter stands, covered, for one hour.

Pour into a jug. Melt a little butter in frying-pan, just enough to grease the pan well. Pour in just enough batter to cover the pan thinly, tipping the pan to get a quick, even thickness. Cook on a medium heat, loosening the edges with a knife, until a golden brown and loosened underneath. Toss or turn with a flat knife and cook on other side. Turn onto kitchen-paper and sprinkle with sugar and lemon or spread with sweet or savory filling. Grease the pan again and proceed as before. In serving, the pancakes can be rolled individually or placed flat one on top of the other, and cut through in wedge sections. Serve freshly made.

Variations: The egg may be omitted and sour milk may be used to mix the batter.

Sweet Pancakes: Spice may be sifted to the flour, an essence added to the batter just before cooking, or grated lemon or orange rind added to flavor. Honey, golden syrup, lemon cheese, jam or marmalade are delicious spread on hot pancakes. Any fruit syrup can be used to sweeten the pancake. Currants or other fruit may be added.

Savory Pancakes: Any savory filling may be spread on the hot pancakes, such as meat or fish pastes, creamed brains with nuts, finely-chopped ham, chutney, or chopped pickle. The hot pancake may be wrapped around a grilled sausage and served as a breakfast dish.

FRITTER BATTER

Four ounces plain flour, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons tepid water, pinch salt.

Sift the flour and salt. Make a well in the centre and add the egg-yolk and warm water. Stir in the flour gradually, using a wooden spoon. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Add the prepared fruit and savory filling.

Deep fry a golden brown, about three minutes, using an iron spoon to lower into the fuming fat. Drain on crumpled kitchen-paper, and serve immediately after cooking on a hot dish.

Variations: One teaspoon of melted butter and ½ teaspoon of baking powder may be used instead of the egg. For a lighter batter, such as for fish, the butter and egg-yolk may be omitted, using only the egg-white.

Sweet Fritters: Sliced apples, bananas, peaches, apricots, and other fruit may be added to the batter. Spoonfuls of fruit salad are delicious dipped in batter and deep fried. Spice, essence or other flavoring may be added to the batter. Sprinkle with sugar before serving.

Savory Fritters: Slices of cold cooked meat or spoonfuls of cooked minced meat, flavored with onion and herbs, may be dipped in the batter and deep fried. Fillets or cutlets of fish may be dipped in this batter. Sliced or spooned cooked vegetables may be fried in this covering. Season the food well before dipping.

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These recipes—voted excellent

● Win cash prizes for readers in our popular recipe contest . . . Send in details of your latest kitchen triumph now!

RECIPES in this week's mail were particularly interesting. The lemonade slabs were tried and voted good.

Sugar economies have been practised in so many directions that this cool drink is not an extravagance.

Citrus fruit flavors are always refreshing. The orange jelly is delicious. Try it sometimes with lemon and a clove or two for flavor.

The caramel apricot cream is a Sunday night sweet; the number of eggs used may be reduced.

The three preserve recipes are worth adding to your filed list of recipes. Try the beetroot chutney with roast beef salad, the bean pickle with a vegetable salad, or a spoonful on top of a potato salad, and the apricot fruit sauce can be used with or instead of a salad dressing. Remember that seasonings such as cloves may be omitted.

LEMONADE IN SLABS

Select good, firm lemons and squeeze the juice into a fireproof dish. (Use any number to suit requirements.) Add to the juice sufficient icing sugar to make a very thick paste. Have ready some shallow moulds (tin lids are good). Now place dish over a gentle heat until the paste liquefies, then pour into moulds and let cool. When hard, remove from moulds and store in air-tight jars or tins. When a glass of lemonade is wanted, break off a small slab and drop into water. Delicious with soda water. Also handy for children's lunches on hot summer days.

First Prize of £1 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

BEETROOT CHUTNEY

Three pounds beetroot, 1½ apples, ½lb. sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 large onion.

Cook beetroot and dice it. Mince apple and onion. Cook all ingredients except beetroot 15 minutes. Add beetroot and boil 20 minutes. Stir well. When cool, pot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Turner, 75 Argent St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

MINTED SUMMER PUNCH

Place 3oz. castor sugar and 3 tablespoons water into a saucepan to heat sufficiently to dissolve sugar; leave to cool. Pick over about ½ pint mint leaves, wash and drain. Place mint in a jug with juice of 1½ lemons, add sugar and water, mix, allow to stand 45 minutes, stir occasionally, strain into a bowl, and add pint bottle ginger ale and pint chopped ice. Serve garnished with slices of lemon and sprigs of mint.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Palmer, 113 Beamish St., Campsie, N.S.W.

PUMPKIN ORANGE JELLY

(For serving with cold meats)

One tablespoon granulated gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup strained pumpkin, 1/3rd cup honey, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon orange flavoring or 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1-1/3rd cups milk, 1 cup whipped cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Put pumpkin into a saucepan and stir over fairly high heat until slightly caramelised or dried out. Reduce heat, add honey, spices, salt, and milk. Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Pour mixture into a three-cup mould, rinsed with cold water, and chill until firm. Unmould onto a large plate and garnish with whipped cream. Serves six.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Lorry Montfort, Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

VEAL AND CARROT LOAF

One and a half cups stale breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs (well beaten), 3 cups finely-minced cooked veal, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon finely-minced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, cayenne, nutmeg.

Mix crumbs, milk, and eggs, and stand aside for ½ hour. Combine veal, onions, and carrots and season to taste. Stir in soaked crumbs and pour into well-greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven from 30-40 minutes. Unmould and chill before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Deasey, 10 Francis St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

MANY YOUNG HOUSEWIVES say they cannot make good scones, although they follow a recipe. Here's a tip: When mixing in butter with the thrice-sifted flour and salt, let in as much air as possible. Have oven hot.

HERE'S an attractive suggestion for decorating a pie. In summer it's best to eschew the bottom layer of pastry. Have top only as shown.

CARAMEL APRICOT CREAM

Measure 1½ pints milk into a saucepan. Mix 2½oz. castor sugar with 2oz. flour. Stir in till smooth and boiling, add a few drops of vanilla essence and strain through sieve. Beat 4 eggs well and stir in, also add tablespoon brandy (may be omitted). Melt 10 lumps sugar and a tablespoon of water in a thick frying pan, and stir a few times till you have a thick brown caramel. Coat a plain mould with olive oil, pour in a mixture of chopped ripe apricots and cream. Place in a baking tin containing warm water to the depth of an inch. Cook in slow oven for 1 hour. Then leave till cold, turn out into a glass dish. Decorate with little roses of whipped cream, fruit, and chopped nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Bunte, 34 Howitt St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

BEAN PICKLE

Take 6lb. of young fresh beans, string and cut them into pieces ½-inch long. Cover with water, add two tablespoons salt. Boil until tender, then strain off water (use no soda). Add 7 cups draught vinegar, 4 cups water, 3lb. sliced onions, 2 teaspoons pepper, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 2 teaspoons ground spice, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon turmeric, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, and add 1lb. Granny Smith cooking apples cut up into small pieces. Boil for about ½ an hour, then mix 2 or 3 teaspoons or more flour in a little water to a thin paste free of lumps. Stir in pickles. Boil 5 to 10 minutes, stirring well. Bottle, and cover while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jessie Lee, c/o Burwood P.O., N.S.W.

APPLE CHEESE CAKES

One cupful apple pulp, 2 yolks eggs, shortcrust, 2 whites eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, crystallised cherries.

Line one dozen patty-tins with shortcrust that has been rolled out very thinly and cut in rounds. Press the pastry well into the tins, prick it at the bottom, and let the cases stand for ½ hour before cooking, then bake them in a moderate oven about 15 minutes or until lightly browned. The apple pulp should be sieved and of a thick consistency, sweetened to taste and flavored with lemon. Mix in the yolks of eggs and fill up the cases. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and add to them gradually 2 tablespoons finely-sifted sugar. Pile a little of this on the top of each tartlet, place a slice of crystallised cherry on the top, and return them to a cool oven until the meringue is set and lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Short, Hovel St., Yarrawonga, Vic.

JELLIED FRUIT PUDDING

Boil ½lb. plums in 2 cups water, add cinnamon to taste. Dissolve 2 tablespoons gelatine in ½ cup cold water, pour on 2 cup hot plum juice. Add 2 cup chopped figs, the cooked and stoned plums, ½ cup sugar, juice of 3 oranges, juice of 2 lemons, 3 tablespoons sherry or brandy, 1oz. peel, 2oz. cherries, and nuts if liked. Mix well. When beginning to set put into a wetted mould, chill, turn out. Decorate with whipped cream, chopped cherries, and nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

APRICOT FRUIT SAUCE

Six pounds apricots, 3lb. sugar, 3 pints vinegar, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, ½oz. allspice, ½oz. cloves, 1 handful whole ginger (bruised).

Boil all together till the stones of fruit separate, strain through colander and bottle.

Will keep indefinitely if bottled air-tight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Howarth, 46 William St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

SMALL LUNCHEON CHEESE

When the milk is quite thick and sour, turn into a piece of muslin. Tie up loosely, hang up to dry for several hours. When drained of whey, tighten muslin around "cheese" and press between two plates for 1 hour. A small round cream cheese of excellent flavor is the result.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Davidson, 1 White Ave., Lockleys, S.A.

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